

FRENCH ICE

FEATURING CARMEN CRU

Sophisticated Humor For Those With Icy-Cool Taste!



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FRENCH ICE

FEATURING CARMEN CRU

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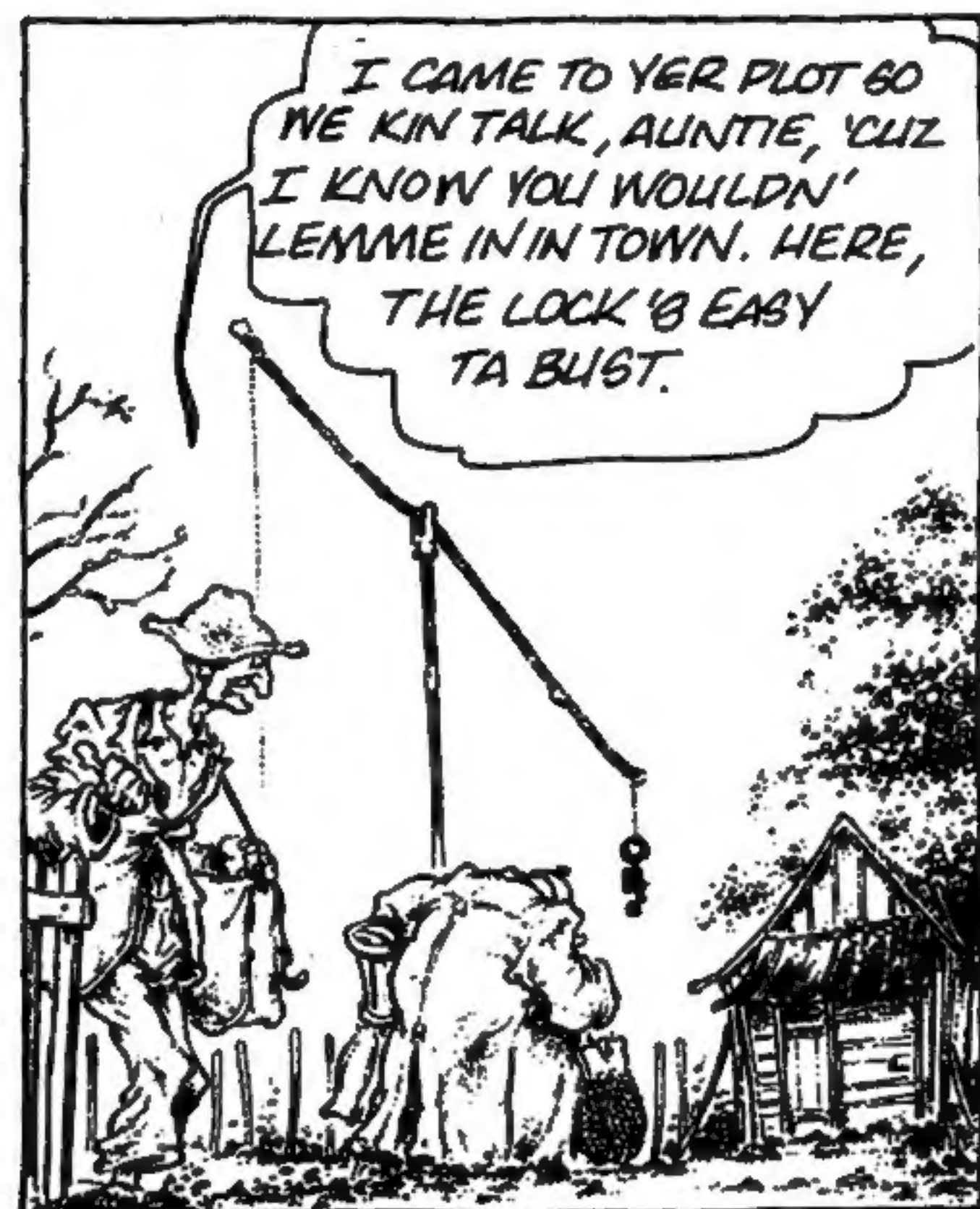
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**CARMEN
CRUI**

"Frog Face"





IT'S A RABBIT. IT'S ALL YERS, AUNTIE. YER IMPRESSED, HUH? IT'S FROM MY OWN DEN. IT WAS KINDA SICK, BUT AFTER YA CUT AWAY THE BOILS, IT'LL BE FINE FER STEW. YER IMPRESSED, HUH?

WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM ME? I KNOW YOU. YOU THINK I'M STUPID OR WHAT?

JEST A L'IL SERVICE, AUNTIE. NOT MUCH. WORTH A RABBIT, FER SURE, YUZ I GOTTA TELL YA, I AIN'T CAME HERE ALONE...

IZZAT YER BEANS? THEY LOOK KINDA DRY TO ME... STRINGY...

YOU'RE WASTING MY TIME. GO BACK TO YOUR DUNG HEAP AND YOUR PIGSTY. I DON'T WANT ANYTHING TO DO WITH YOU.

HEY, GIT YER BUTT OUT HERE, WE GOTTA TALK TO THE OL' LADY. SHE'S MY GREAT GREAT AUNT. SHE'S OLD AND SMART, SHE'LL HELP YA OUT.

THAT'S WHO I CAME WITH... YA CAN'T TELL BY LOOKIN' BUT IT'S A GIRL. HER NAME'S HENRIETTA BUT WE CALL HER "FROG FACE." YA CAN GEE WHY.

YER TOMATOS ARE TOO SMALL... NEED MORE DUNG, AUNTIE...

GO AWAY. I TOLD YOU A THOUSAND TIMES, I DON'T WANT ANYTHING TO DO WITH YOU. AND THAT GOES FOR YOUR FRIENDS, TOO.

DON'T GET UPSET, AUNTIE, I KIN EXPLAIN. FROG FACES GOT A BLIN IN THE OVEN. KNOCKED UP, PREGNANT. I KINDA THINK I WAS THE ONE WHO DID IT...

I DON'T WANT TO HEAR YOUR DIGGUSTING STORIES. GO AWAY. BOTH OF YOU.

HEY, LISTEN, AUNTIE. AND YOU, FROG FACE. SHUT YER TRAP. IT'S ALL YOUR FAULT.





I KNOW A CHICK, SHE DRANK SOME BLEACH, BUT SHE STILL GOT HER KID, 'CEPT HE WUZ ALL FUNNY-LOOKIN' WITH FISH EYES AN' A HEAD LIKE A PUMPKIN. COULDN'T EVEN KEEP PIGS.



SO WHADDA YA SAY, AUNTIE? SAY SUMTHIN'! YA GOTTA HELP ME! YA KINT LEAVE ME WITH THAT BITCH AND HER LITTER. ELSE I'M GONNA HAVE TA MARRY HER OR JOIN THE FRIGGIN' FOREIGN LEGION OR SUMTHIN'. YER GONNA HELP ME, AIN'T YA?



I TELL YA, IT AIN'T MY FAULT. IT WAS JIST LIKE A DOG IN HEAT, YA KNOW, WHEN YA GOTTA DO IT OR ELSE. YOU WUZ MARRIED ONCE, SO YOU GOTTA REMEMBER. YOU CAN'T HELP YOURSELF. GOTTA UNDERSTAND.



I'M DONE. I'M GOING NOW.



OH, YER A NASTY OL' GOW! TURNIN' DOWN KIN IN NEED! YER A ROTTEN BITCH, THAT'S WHAT Y'ARE! I PAID TWO BUS TICKETS TA COME HERE, AND FOR WHAT? FER NOTHIN'.



YOU DIDN'T ASK MY ADVICE WHEN YOU GOT HER PREGNANT.



YA CRAZY OR WHAT? I KINT LET THE WHOLE NEIGHBORHOOD KNOW EVERY TIME I FEEL LIKE SCREWIN' A FILLY. AIN'T DONE.



YOUR RABBIT WAS A FEMALE TOO, AND SHE WAS CARRYING WHEN YOU KILLED HER. WHY DON'T YOU DO THE SAME WITH YOUR TOAD? IT'LL BE QUICKER AND CLEANER...





NOW, I DON'T WANT TO SEE YOU ANYMORE. GO BACK WHERE YOU CAME FROM.

YA WON'T EVEN DO ME THIS LI'L FAVOR? VER HAPPY TO SEE ME INDEED SHIT, HUH? BUT I'LL GIT YA FOR THIS. I SWEAR I WILL. YOU'LL SEE.



OKAY, FROG FACE, LET'S GO! C'MON! MOVE! MOVE! I'M GONNA TAKE CARE OF YA MESSELF, SINCE THE OL' BITCH WON'T HELP...



YOU'RE GONNA GO UP THE LADDER IN THE BARN TEN TIMES A DAY, NO, MAKE THAT TWENTY, AND JUMP DOWN TOO, AND PLOW WITH THE HORSES, ALL TWENTY ACRES...



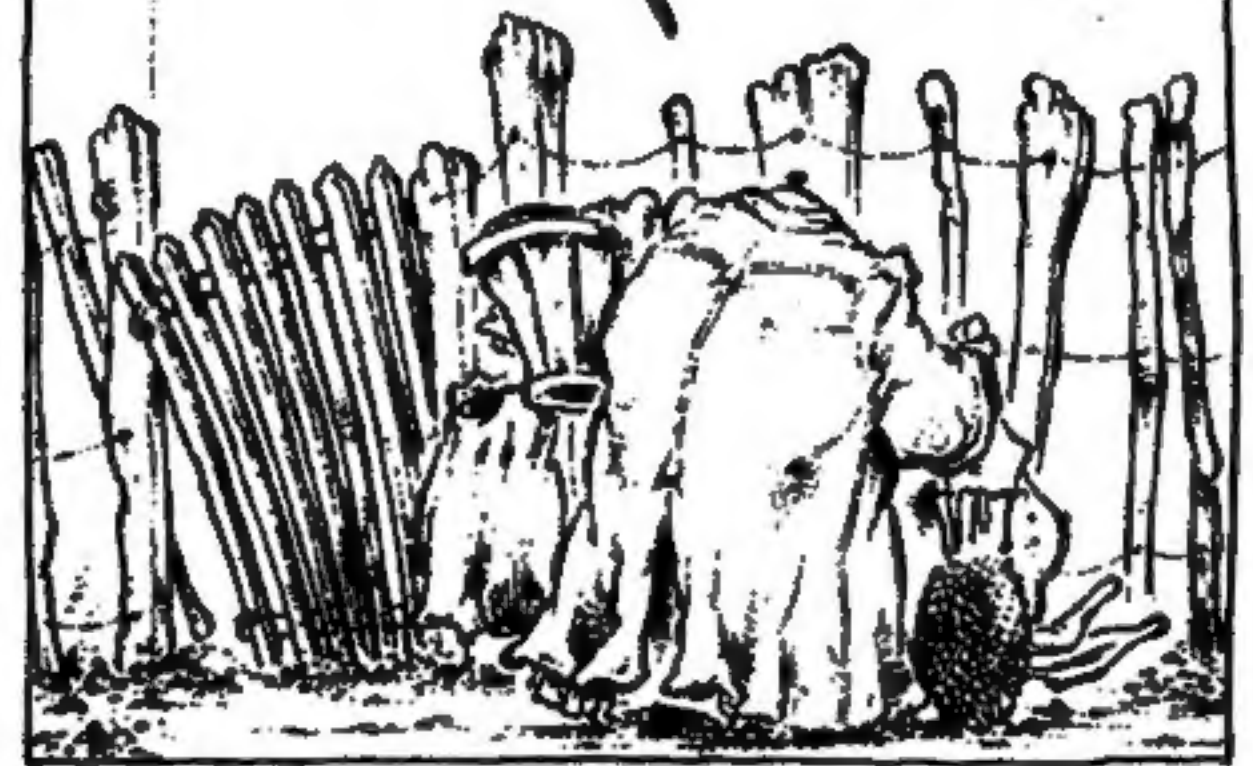
C'MON! MOVE! RUN! I'LL SHAKE YER MUFFINS LOOSE, YOU'LL SEE. WE'LL GO ON THEM MONSTERLAND RIDES... AND ON THE BIG COASTER, TOO... YER GOIN' TA SPIT YER BUTS OUT...



AND IF IT AIN'T ENOUGH, WE'LL GO DANCIN'... I TAKE YA BREAK DANCIN' YER GOIN' TO LOVE IT, FROG FACE...



NOW THE LOCK'S ALL BROKEN. ANYONE CAN COME IN AT ANY TIME...



SOME PEOPLE THINK THEY CAN BUY ANYONE WITH ANYTHING. AS IF I CARED. I MAY HAVE MY PRICE, BUT IT'S A LOT HIGHER THAN THIS.



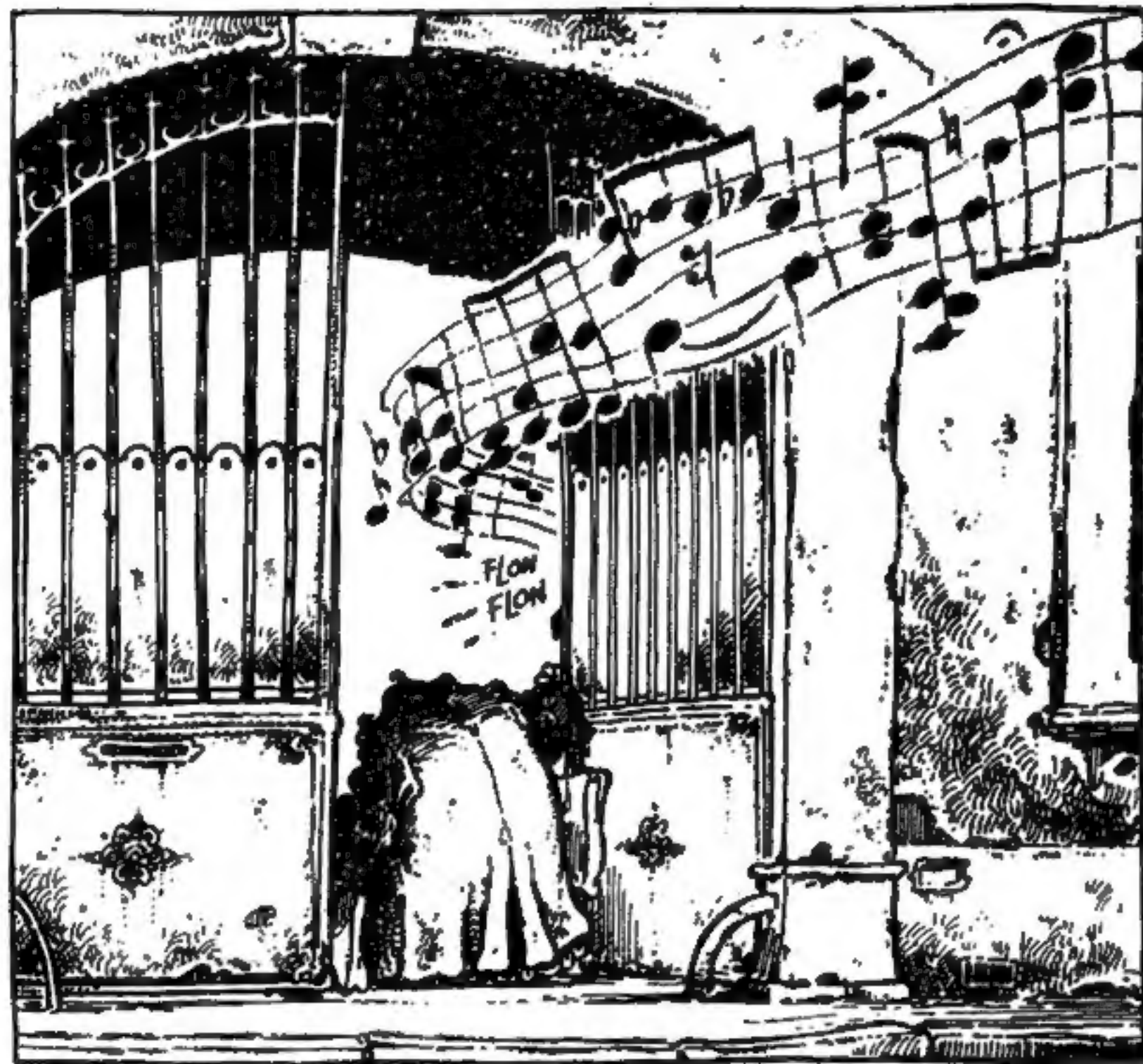
CAN'T TAKE ME FOR WORSE THAN I AM.



Lelong
05.86



CARMEN CRU. The Party





C'MON, GRANNY! FOR ONCE WE'RE HAVIN' SOME FUN, YAAIN'T GONNA SPOIL IT, ARE YA? WHY DON'T YA JOIN US AND HAVE A FEW LAUGHS? JUST FER A WHILE? WHADDA YA SAY?

CRIPES! SHE'S WORSE THAN A MULE! THE OL' COW! YA'D THINK SHE'D SAY SUMTHIN' WHEN YA TALK TO HER? NIX. NOT A WORD! AW, SHE'S JUST AN OL' SOW!

HEY BEBE, YOU FALLIN' ASLEEP OR WHAT? ARE YA FINGERS GETTIN' TIRED? C'MON! PLAY FASTER! LOUDER! PLAY "LADY OF SPAIN"! I WANNA HEAR YER INSTRUMENT SCREAM!

LET'S WAKE UP ALL THESE OL' GEEZERS THAT ARE JUST WAITIN' TACROAK IN THEIR CHAIRS! LET'S GIVE THEIR OL' TICKERS A LAST BOOST 'FOR THEY GO!

FASTER, BEBE! FASTER! I WANNA BEE YER FINGERS DANCE ON THE KEYS.

WHERE'S THE WIFE? FER ONCE WE GOT A PARTY, WE GOTTA DANCE TOGETHER. LULLI? WHERE ARE YOU? WHADDA YA MEAN, IN THE JOHN? COME OUT HERE WITH US, FER CHRIS SAKES!

a tempo
leggiere

HEY, HERE'S OL' CARMEN AGAIN! I TOLD YA SHE COULDN'T RESIST THE MUSIC. C'MON CARMEN, LET'S DANCE!



YOU'VE GOT TO STOP ALL THIS RACKET RIGHT NOW! I CAN'T EVEN HEAR MYSELF READ ANYMORE. OR ELSE, GO PLAY WHERE THERE'S NOBODY, YOU CAN DISTURB.

SORRY, GRANNY, CAN'T HEAR A WORD YER SAYIN' 'CAUSE OF THE ACCORDION. HEY, BEBE, SLOW DOWN A L'IL, OK? CARMEN'S HERE TALKIN' TO ME. FER ONCE...

SO, YA WANT SOME WHITE OR SOME RED? IT'S FER THE COMMUNION... I SAID, YOU'VE GOT TO STOP THIS RACKET! AND GO GET DRINK SOMEPLACE ELSE TOO. I CAN'T STAND ALL THIS DEBALICHERY.

HEY, DON'T BE SUCH A PARTY POOPER, GRANNY! C'MON, I'LL DANCE WITH YA, LIKE WHEN YA WERE YOUNG AN' PRETTY, SORT OF, AN' ALL OF THE BOYS WERE SNIFFIN' AT YA.

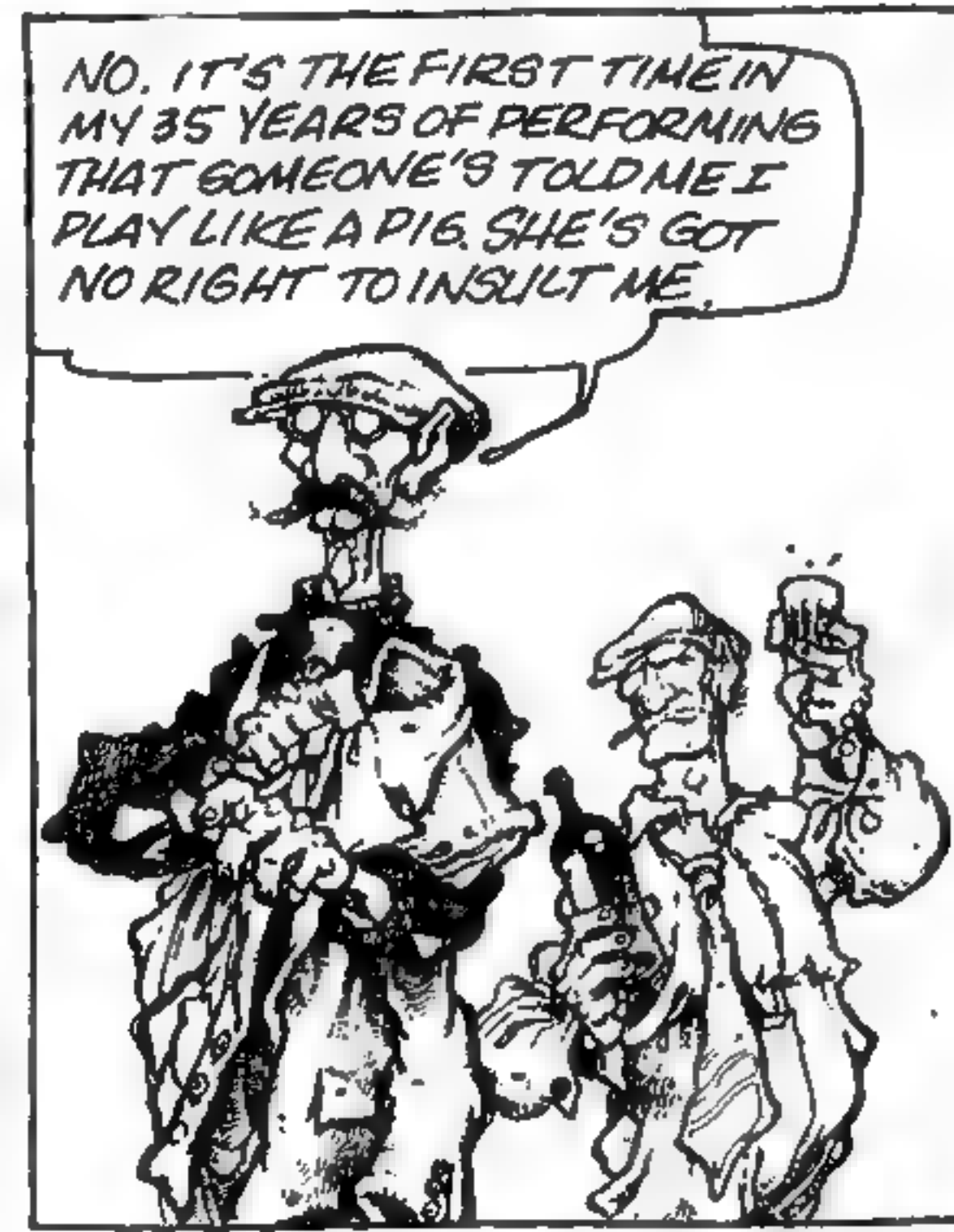
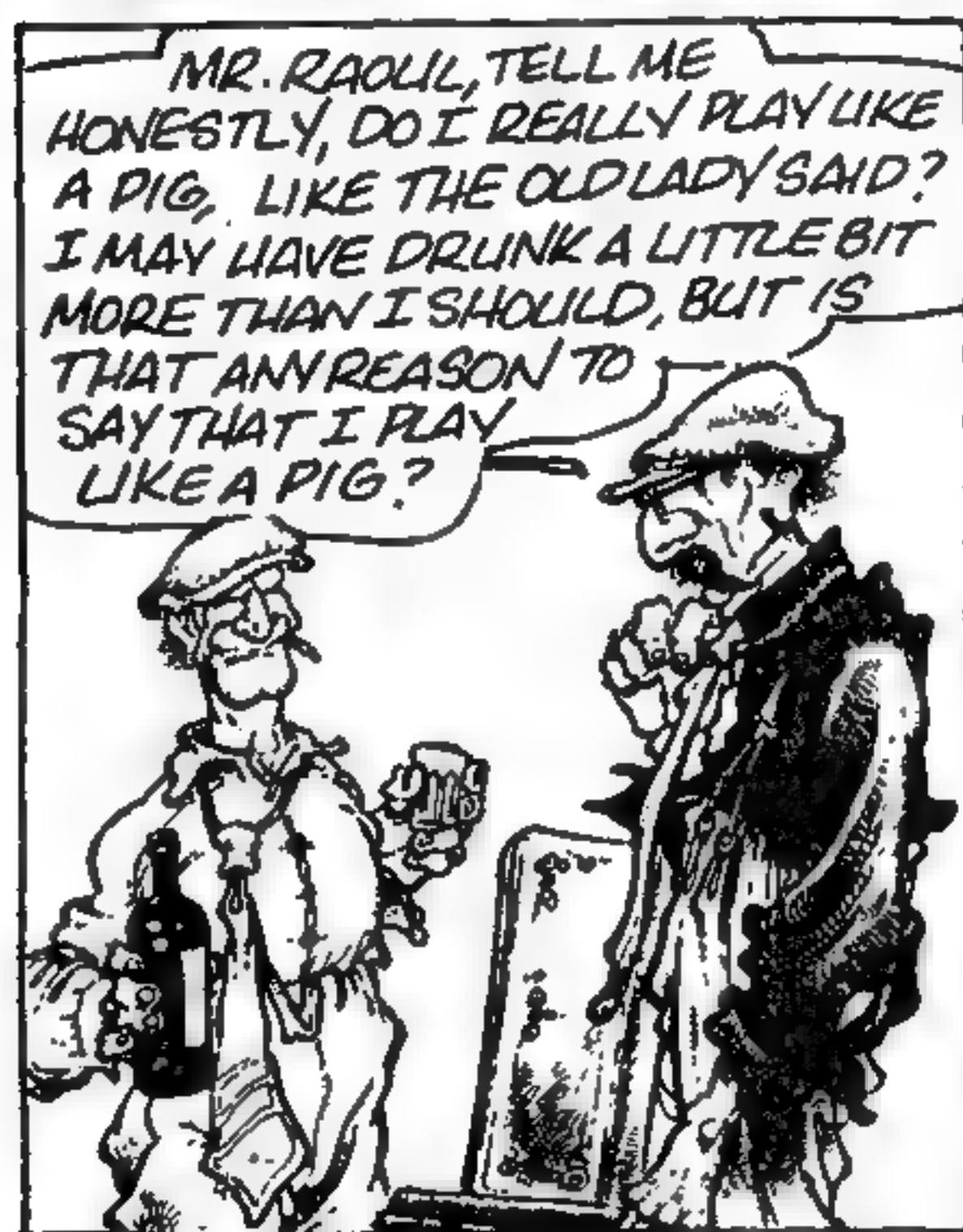
DON'T TOUCH ME! YOU'RE DRUNK! YOU'RE GOING TO DEGRADE ME. A TANGO! THAT'S WHAT WE NEED. HEY, BEBE, PLAY A GOOD TANGO! SOMETHIN' REAL JAZZY. IT'LL GET HER BLOOD BOIN'!

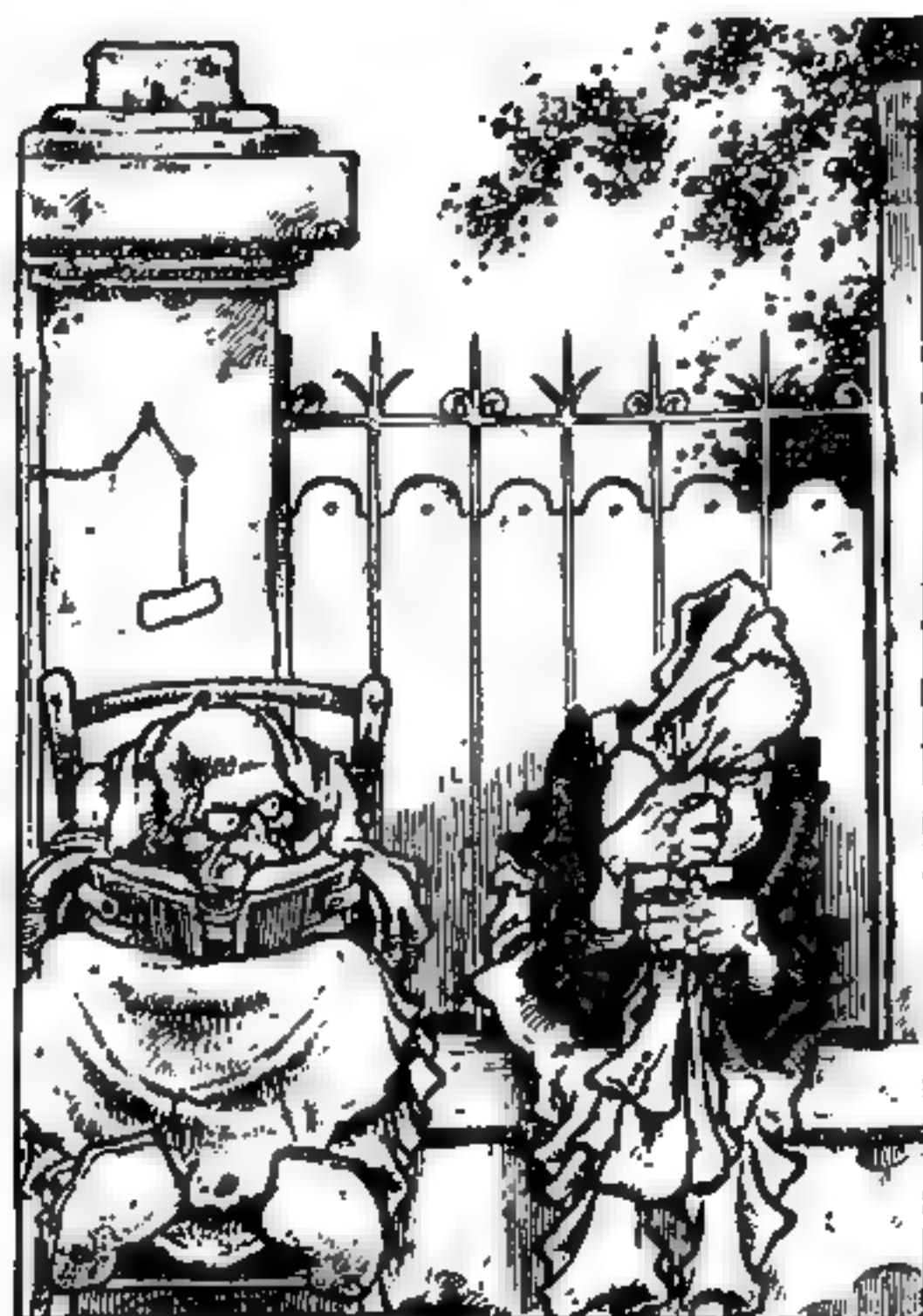
LET ME GO! I FORBID YOU TO TOUCH ME! RELAX, GRANNY! COOL IT! I AIN'T GONNA BREAK YER BACK. 'SIDES, IT'S ALREADY BROKEN! HAR, HAR!

C'MON, LISTEN TA THE MUSIC! MOVE YER HIPS, NOW SWING YER ASS! C'MON CARMEN!

AR, SHE WON'T EVEN DANCE A L'IL. WELL, IF THAT AIN'T A SHAME. SHE CAN GO BACK TO HER SHACK, FOR ALL I CARE. I AIN'T THE ONE NOT HAVIN' FUN!

SHIT! CAN'T EVEN HAVE A PARTY 'ROUND HERE. ALL STUCK UP ASSES. LULLI, BRING ME ANOTHER BOTTLE! CAN'T YA SEE IT'S GETTIN' DRY OUT HERE? SANT!





* AND PROBABLY LIKE A PIG, TOO.



I'LL SOUNDPROOF MY CELLAR AND PLAY THERE, ALONE. I'LL INFLICT MY TERRIBLE MUSIC ONLY ON THE RATS AND THE SPIDERS AND THE ROACHES. THEY'RE THE ONLY PUBLIC I DESERVE NOW.

I PLAY LIKE A PIG... 35 YEARS OF ILLUSIONS SHATTERED...

BEBE! VER BACK! GET YER INSTRUMENT AND PLAY BUMTHIN' CHEERFUL! GET A DRINK, TOO. IT'LL LIFT YER SPIRITS!

BUT... BUT... BEBE, WHERE ARE YA GOIN'? WHY ARE YA LEAVIN'? YER TAKIN YER INSTRUMENT, TOO?... C'MON, YA CAN'T LEAVE US! IS IT BUMTHIN' THE OL' LADY TOLD YA?...

NOW THAT THEIR PARTY'S A BOMB, YOU'LL SEE. THEY'LL SAY IT'S ALL MY FAULT. I KNOW THEM. ESPECIALLY DRUNK LIKE THAT.

IT'S REALLY EASY TO BLAME A POOR, DEFENSELESS OLD WOMAN. THEY'RE ALWAYS TAKING ADVANTAGE OF ME.

GLONG
DENG
GONG

CROAC
CROAC

JONG

I CAN MAKE NOISE TOO IF I WANT BUT I DON'T CALL IT MUSIC.

CROAC

IT'S NOT MY FAULT IF SOME ARTISTS CAN'T TAKE CONSTRUCTIVE CRITICISM. YOU MEAN WELL, YOU TRY TO ENCOURAGE THEM, GIVE THEM ADVICE, AND THEN, THEY GET MAD AT YOU.

GLONG
GONG

DIGN

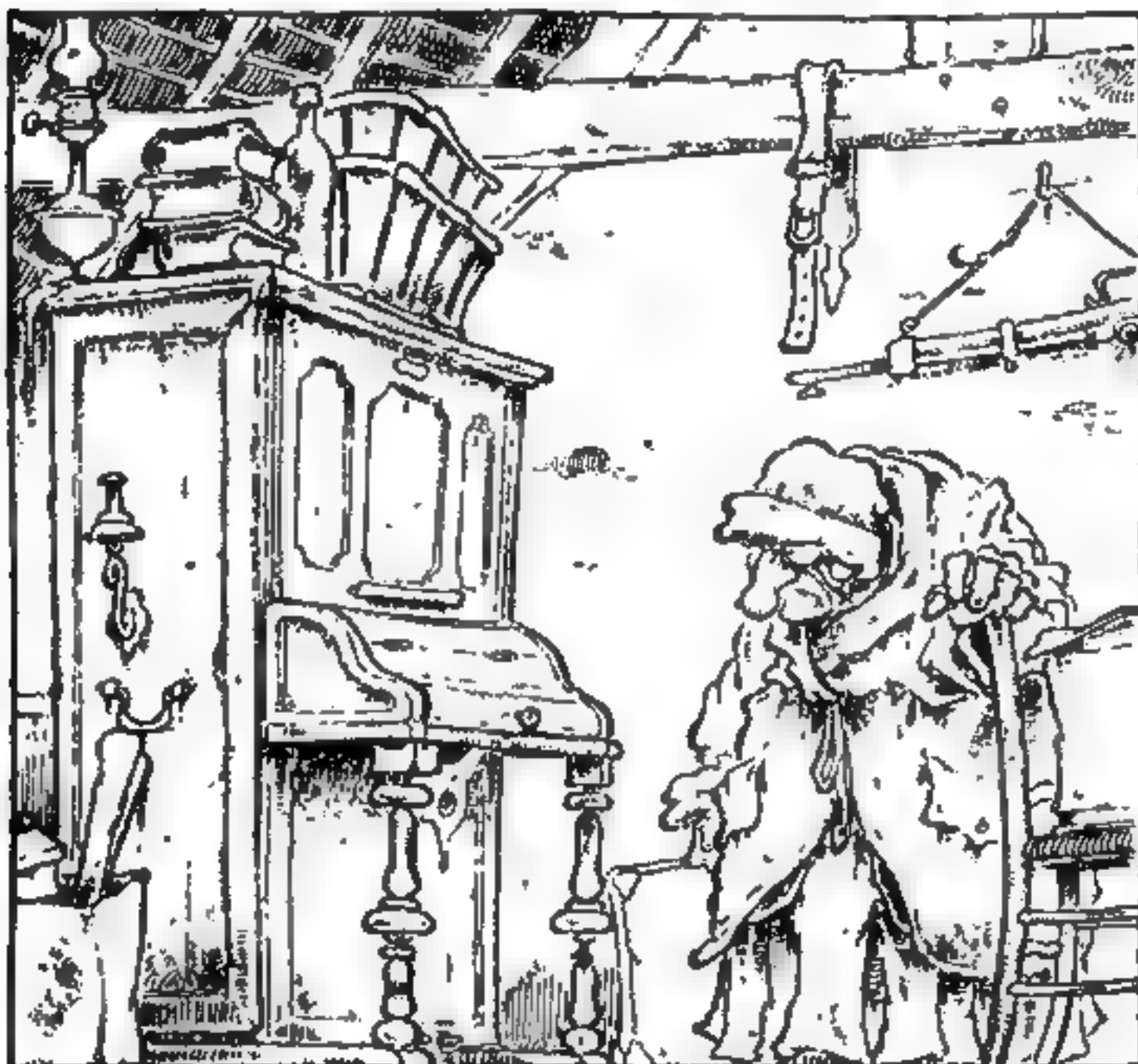
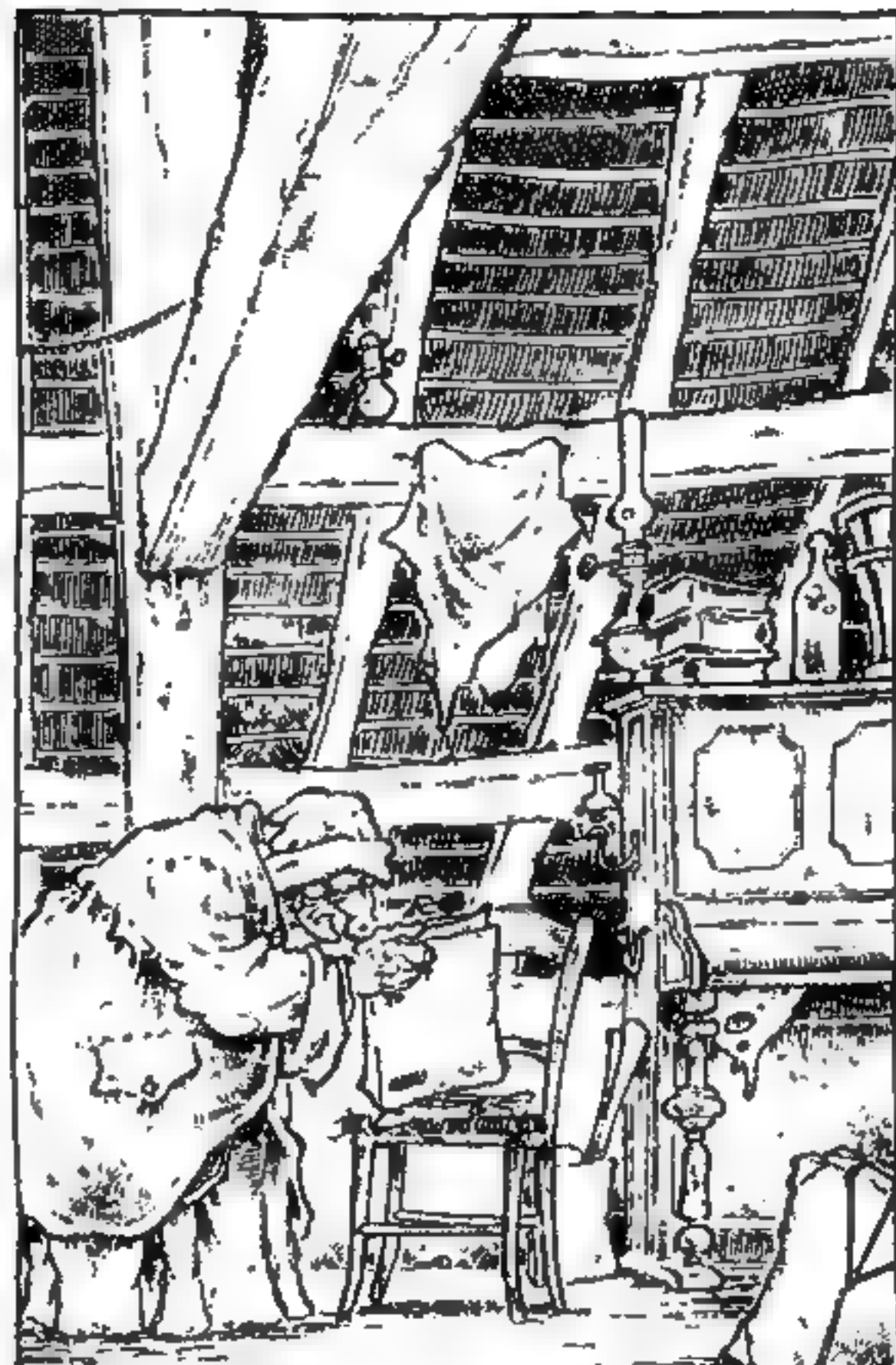
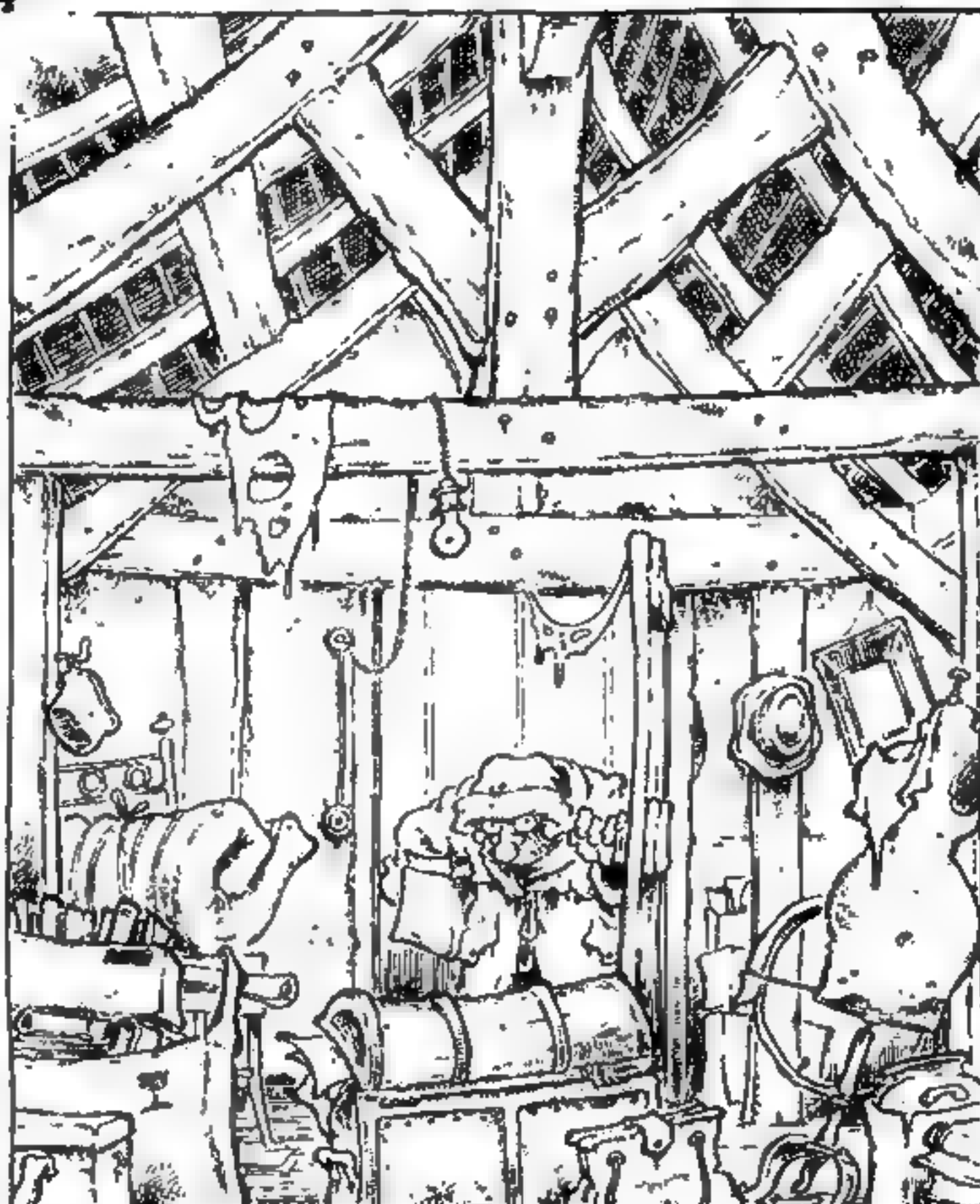
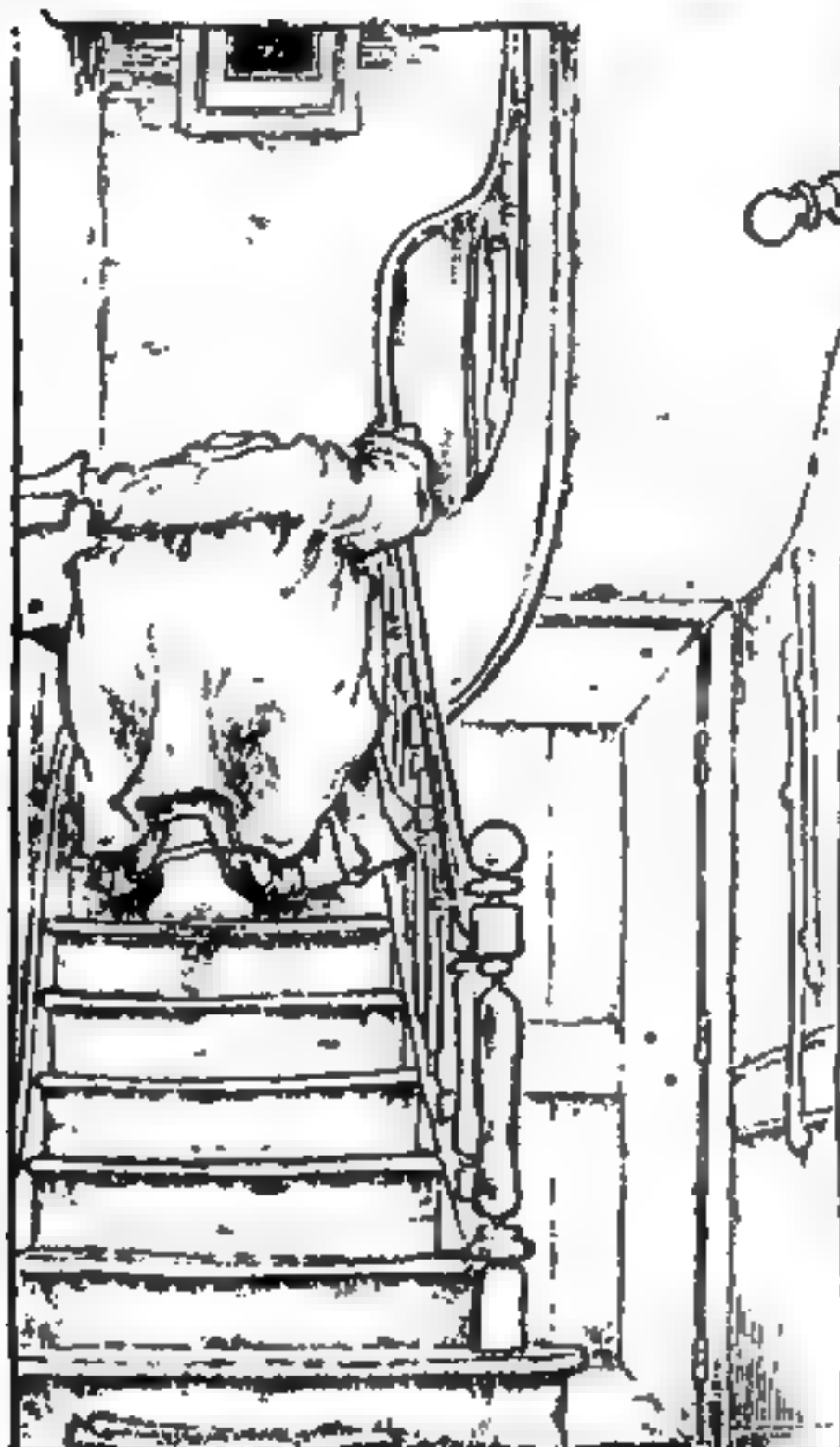
WHAT A JERK!

DONG

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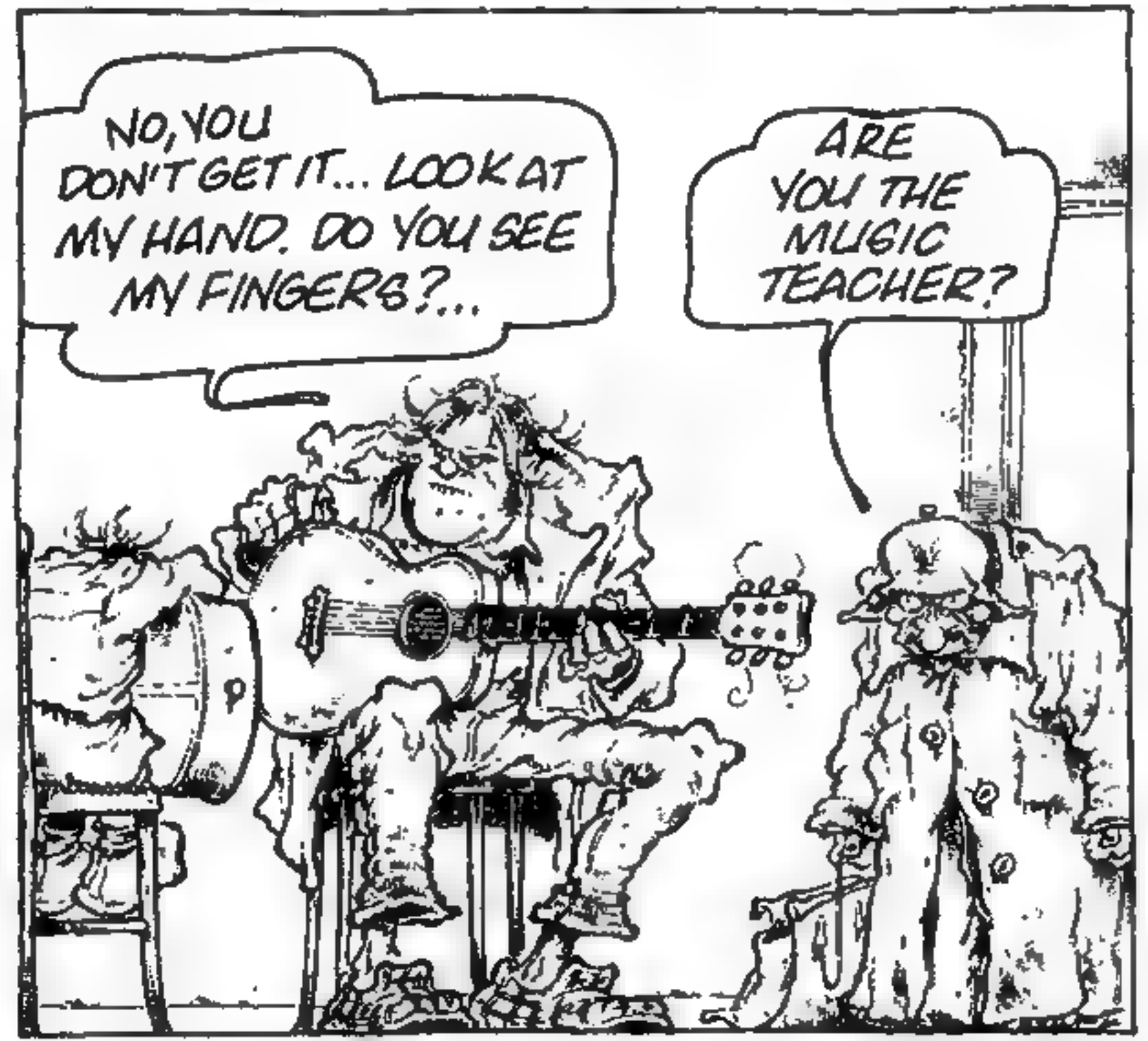
CARMEN
CRU

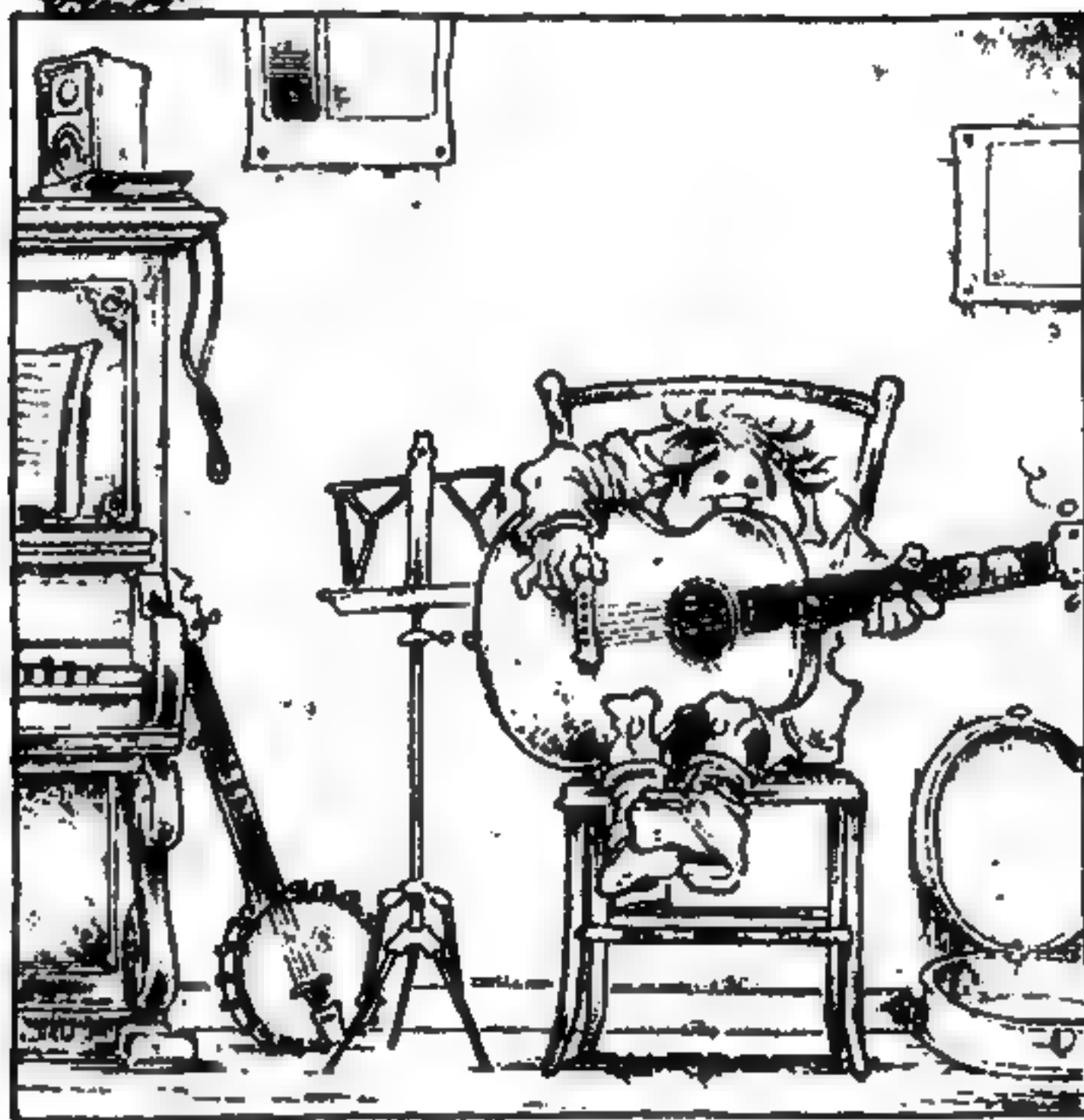
The Lesson





DOC TRAVISSE
LESSONS FOR PIANO,
GUITAR, ACCORDION,
BANJO, WESTERN, SWING,
RAG, JAZZ, ETC.





** WORLD WAR I, OF COURSE.



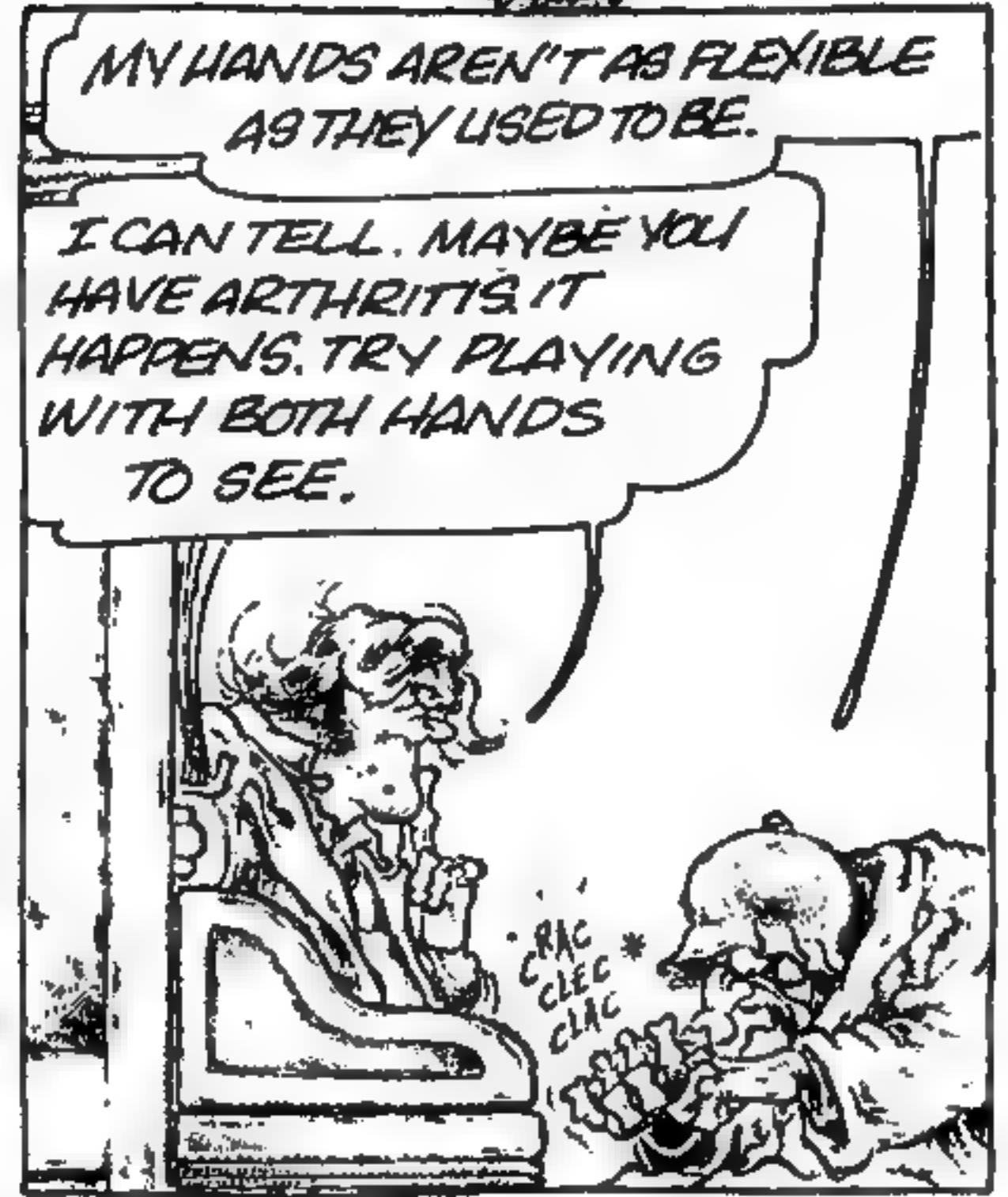


DON'T GO TOO FAST. YOU'RE CONFUSING ME.

O.K. TRY YOUR LEFT HAND NOW. TRY A CHORD, SOMETHING IN 'E' MAJOR FOR INSTANCE. GO AHEAD.



NO, THAT'S AN 'F', AND YOU SHOULD USE ALL YOUR FINGERS. IT'S NOT A TYPEWRITER, YOU KNOW.

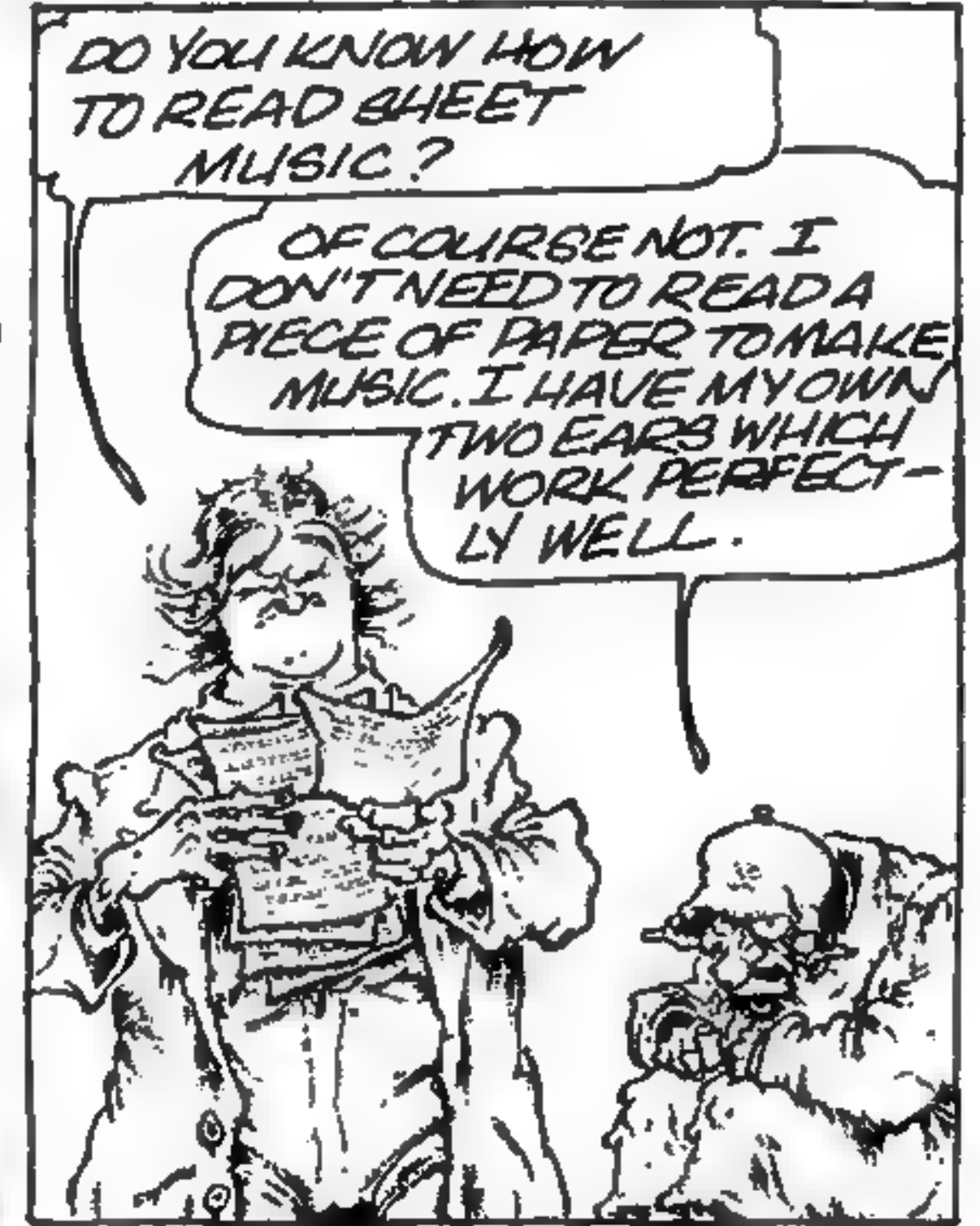


MY HANDS AREN'T AS FLEXIBLE AS THEY USED TO BE.

I CAN TELL. MAYBE YOU HAVE ARTHRITIS. IT HAPPENS. TRY PLAYING WITH BOTH HANDS TO SEE.



O.K., O.K., THAT'S ENOUGH. THERE'S LOTS OF WORK TO DO. I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU SOME MUSIC TO STUDY... SOMETHING SIMPLE. "CHOPSTICKS"... IT'S AN EASY ONE. YOU CAN PRACTICE WITH IT AT HOME.



DO YOU KNOW HOW TO READ SHEET MUSIC?

OF COURSE NOT. I DON'T NEED TO READ A PIECE OF PAPER TO MAKE MUSIC. I HAVE MY OWN TWO EARS WHICH WORK PERFECTLY WELL.



I SEE. BUT SHEET MUSIC HELPS, YOU KNOW.

YOU DON'T LEARN READING AND WRITING BEFORE YOU LEARN TO TALK, SO I DON'T SEE WHY YOU SHOULD LEARN TO READ NOTES ON THE PAPER BEFORE YOU LEARN TO PLAY THEM ON THE PIANO.



HMM, IT'S A MATTER OF OPINION. WE'RE GOING TO MAKE A DATE FOR YOUR NEXT LESSON.

IT'S OVER ALREADY? YOU HAVEN'T TAUGHT ME A THING! YOU'RE A CROOK!



I CAN'T KEEP YOU ALL AFTER-NOON, AFTER ALL. YOU CAME HERE WITHOUT AN APPOINTMENT, INTERRUPTED ANOTHER LESSON...

AND I WONDER WHY I CAME HERE, TOO. IT'S THE FIRST AND LAST TIME I TAKE A LESSON IN ANYTHING...



EVERYTHING I KNOW, I'VE TAUGHT MYSELF. I TAUGHT MYSELF TO WALK, TO TALK, AND TO RIDE MY BICYCLE. I NEVER NEEDED ANY-ONE ELSE AND I'M NOT GOING TO START NOW. I CAN TEACH MY-SELF PIANO IF I WANT.

I'M SURE YOU CAN, BUT YOU STILL OWE ME FOR THIS LESSON. I'LL GIVE YOU A SENIOR CITIZEN DISCOUNT...

TEN BUCKS, O.K.?

FIVE.?

TWO?

O.K., O.K., O.K. FORGET IT! IT'S ON ME.

AN INCOMPETANT AND A CROOK.

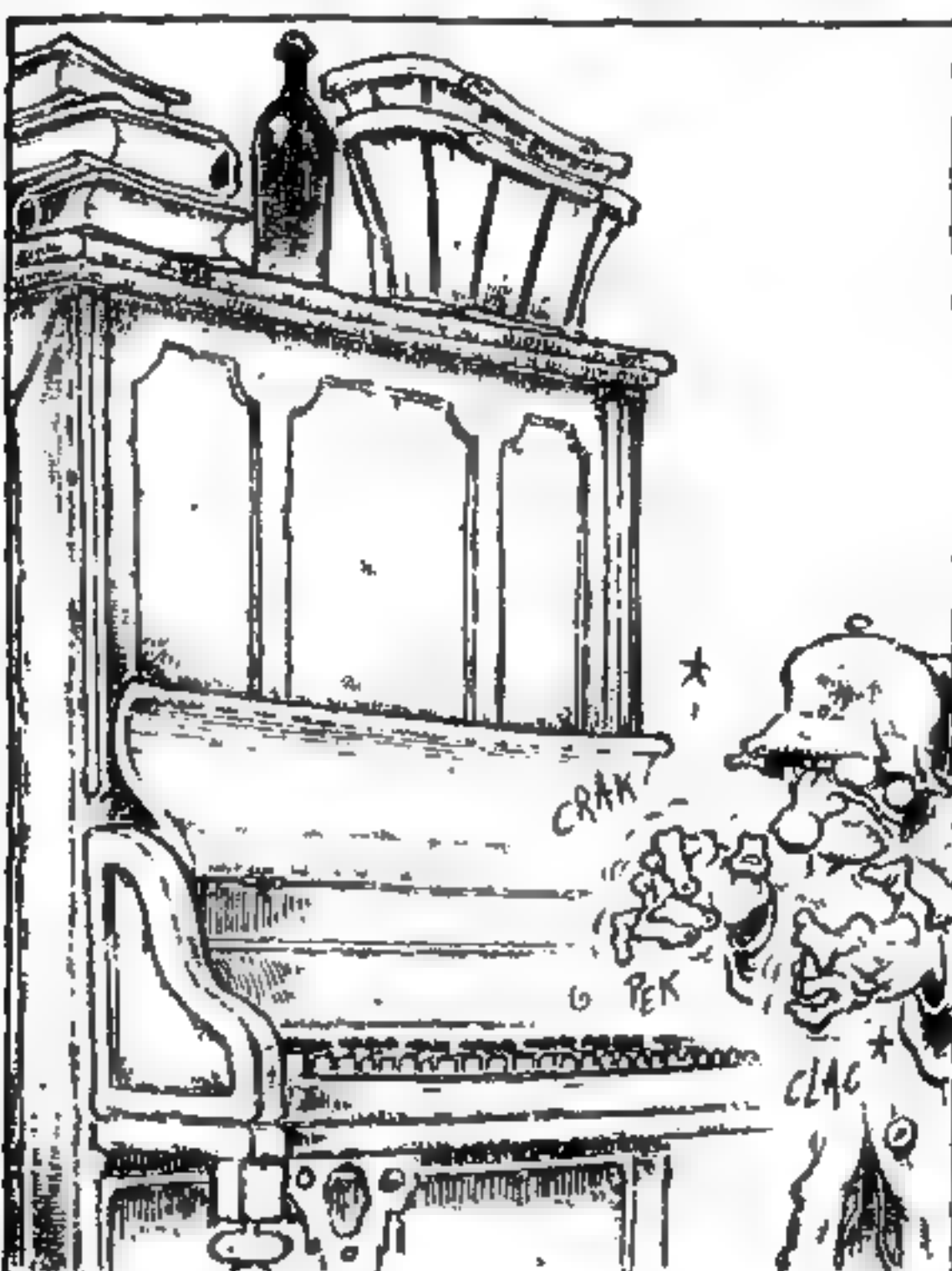
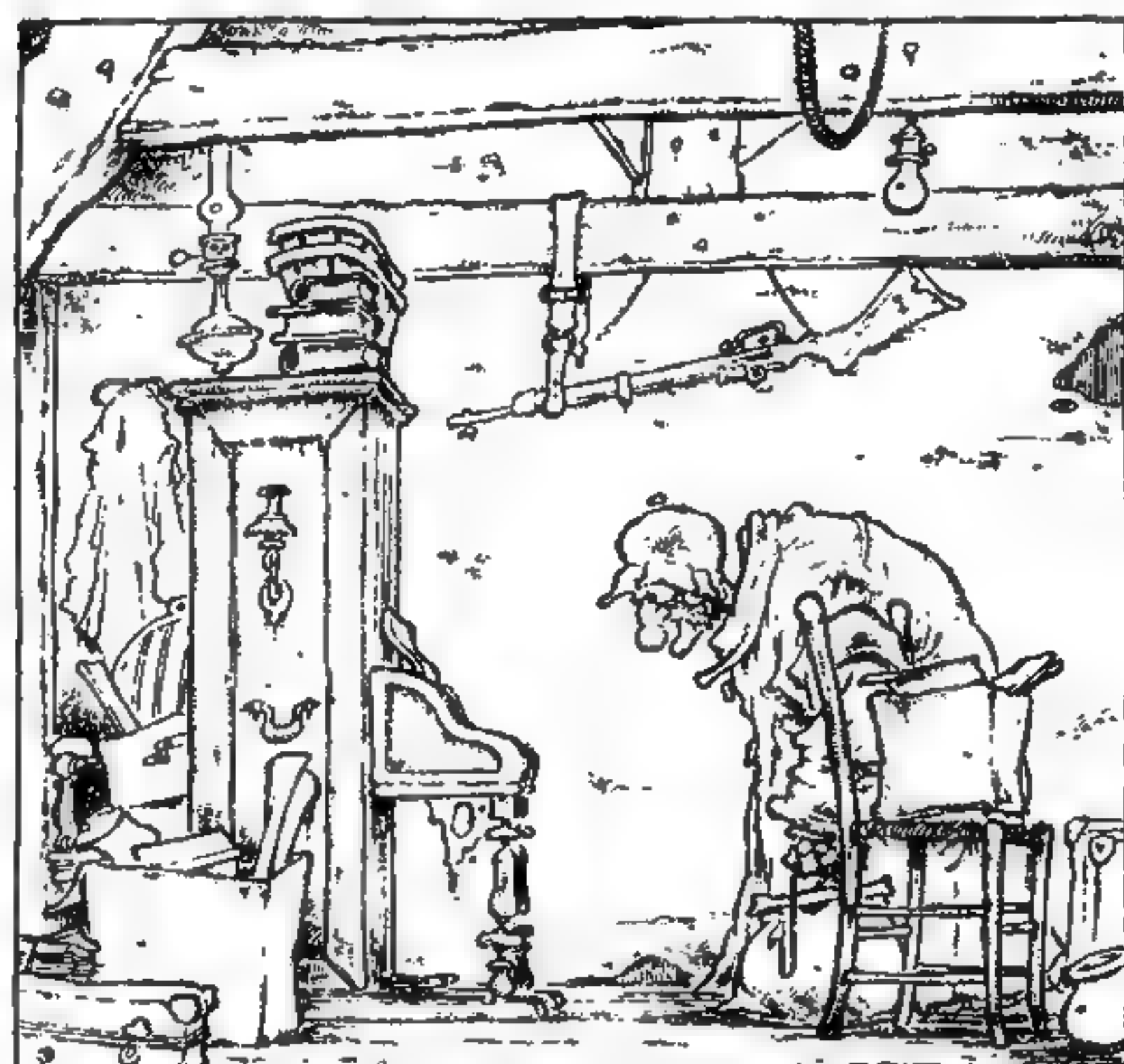
LESSON'S OVER, KID. SEE YOU NEXT WEEK. IT'S FIFTEEN BUCKS.

BUT I DIDN'T GET TO PLAY BECAUSE OF THE OLD LADY!

WELL, IT'S NOT MY FAULT, IS IT? O.K., SAY TEN BUCKS?

FIVE?

TWO? O.K., FORGET IT.



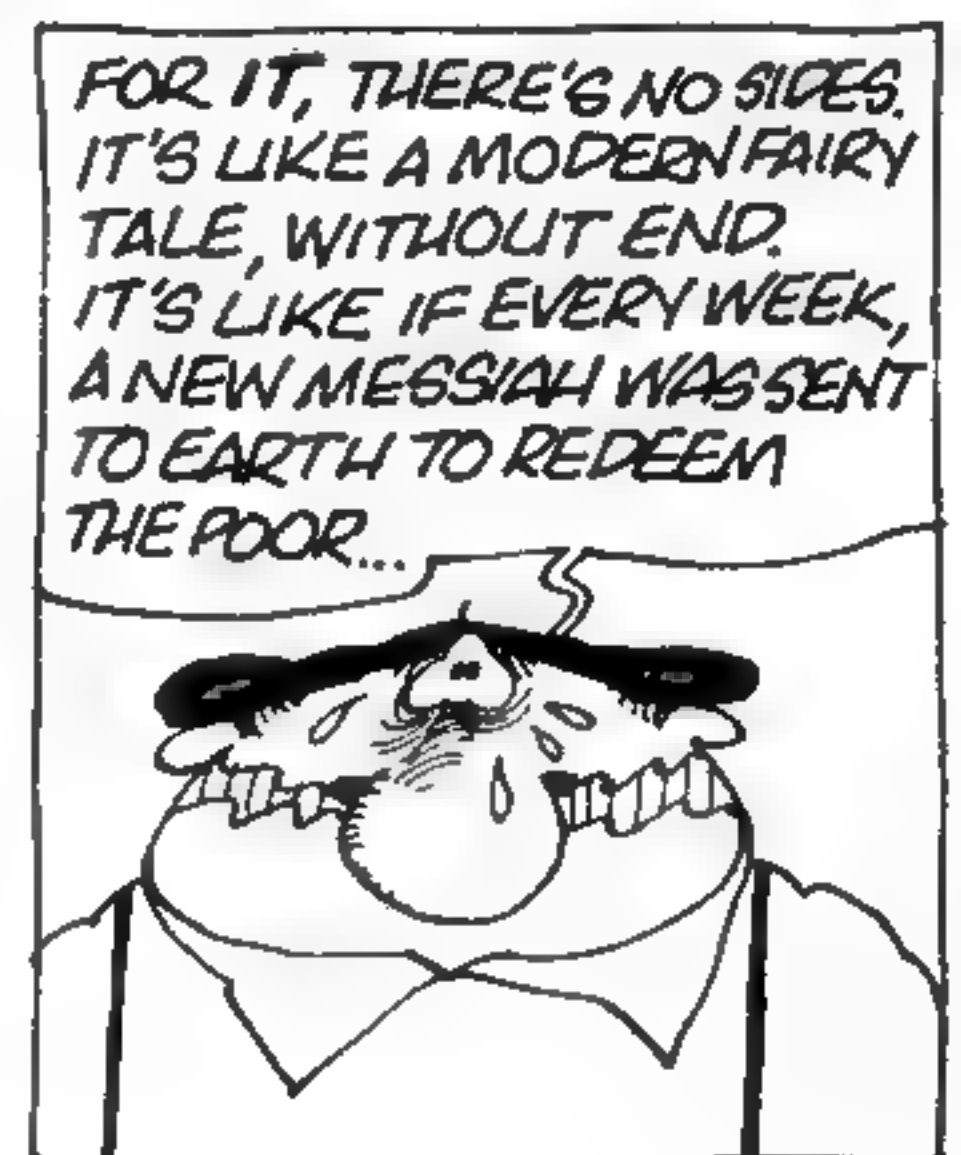
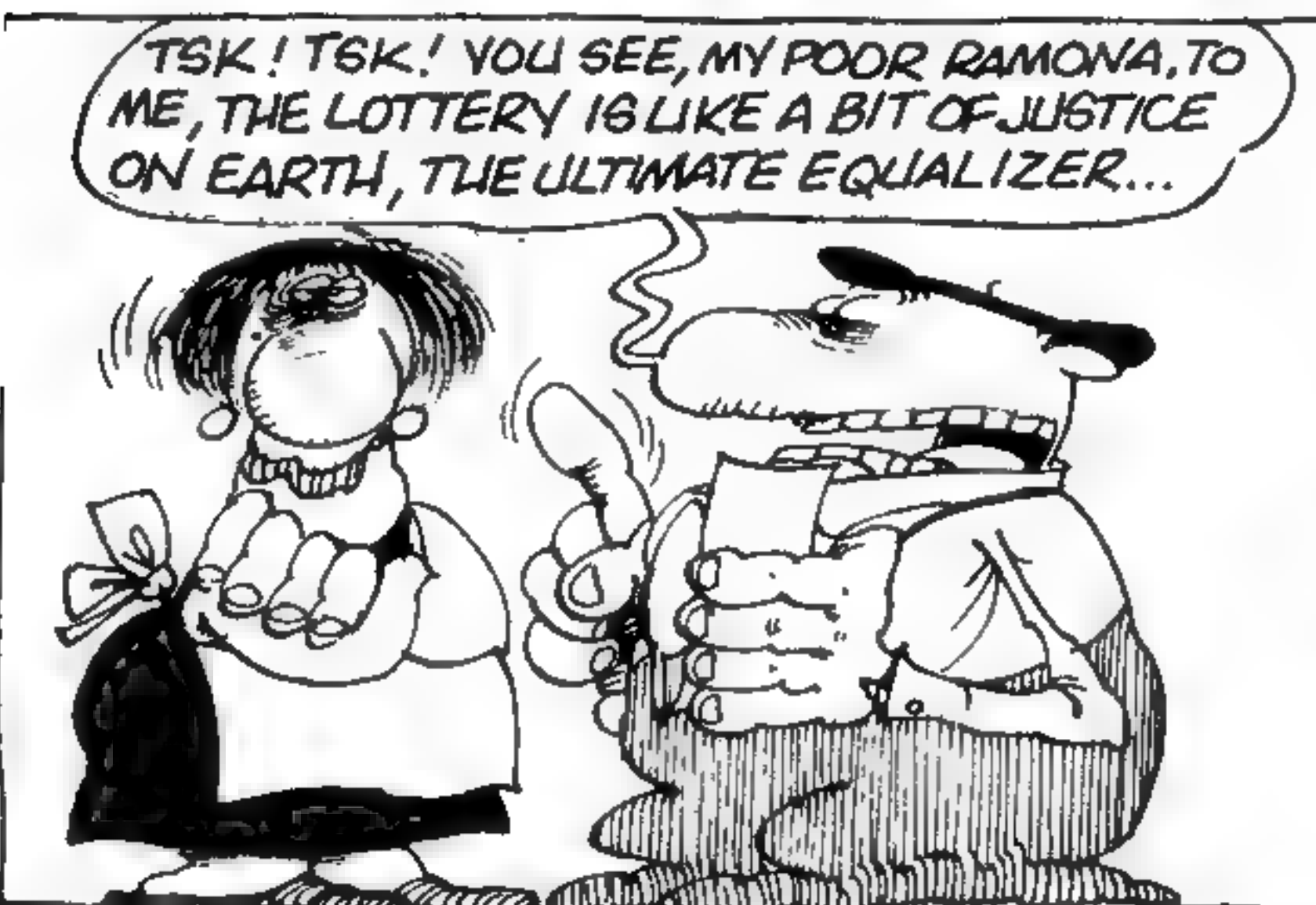
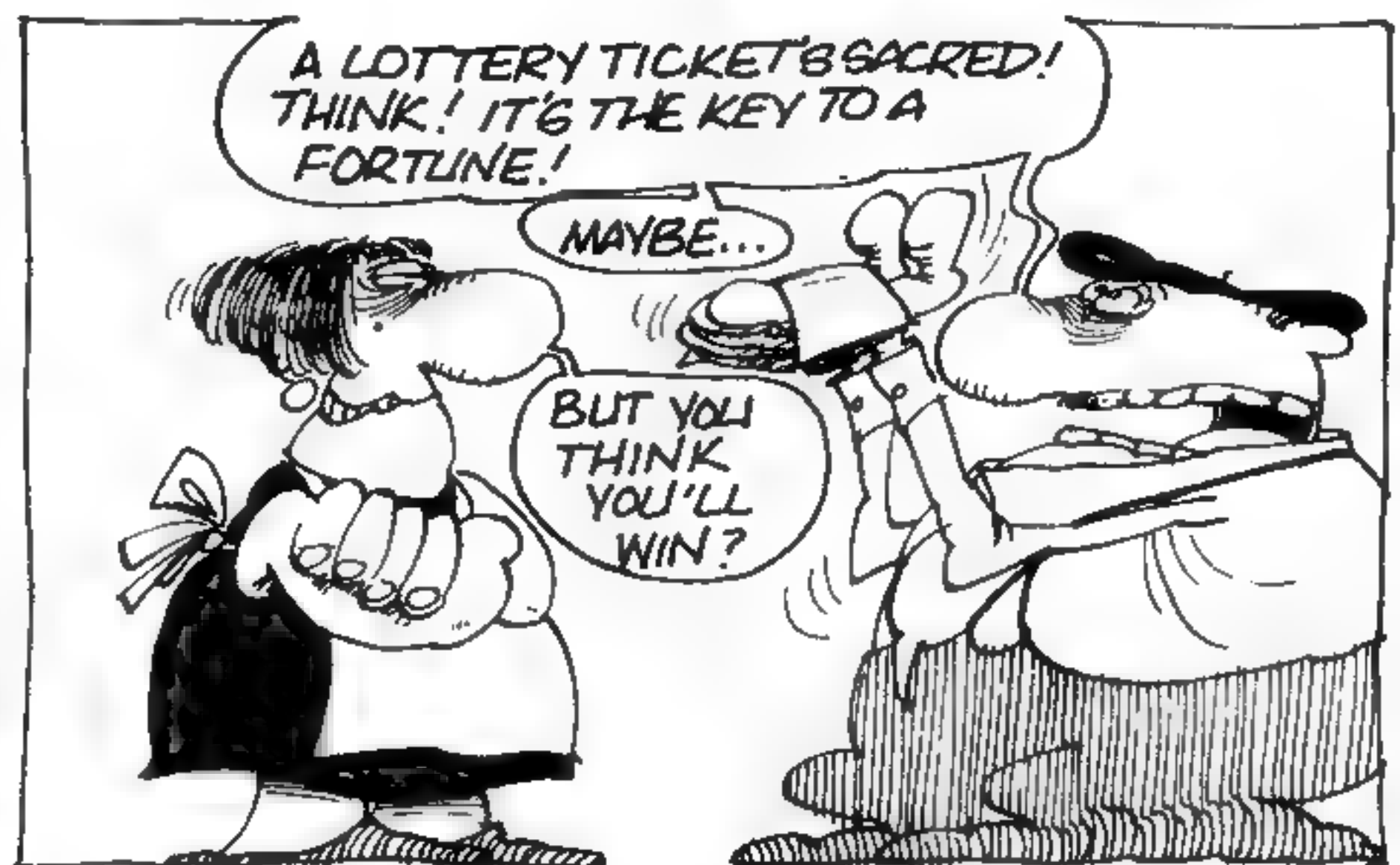
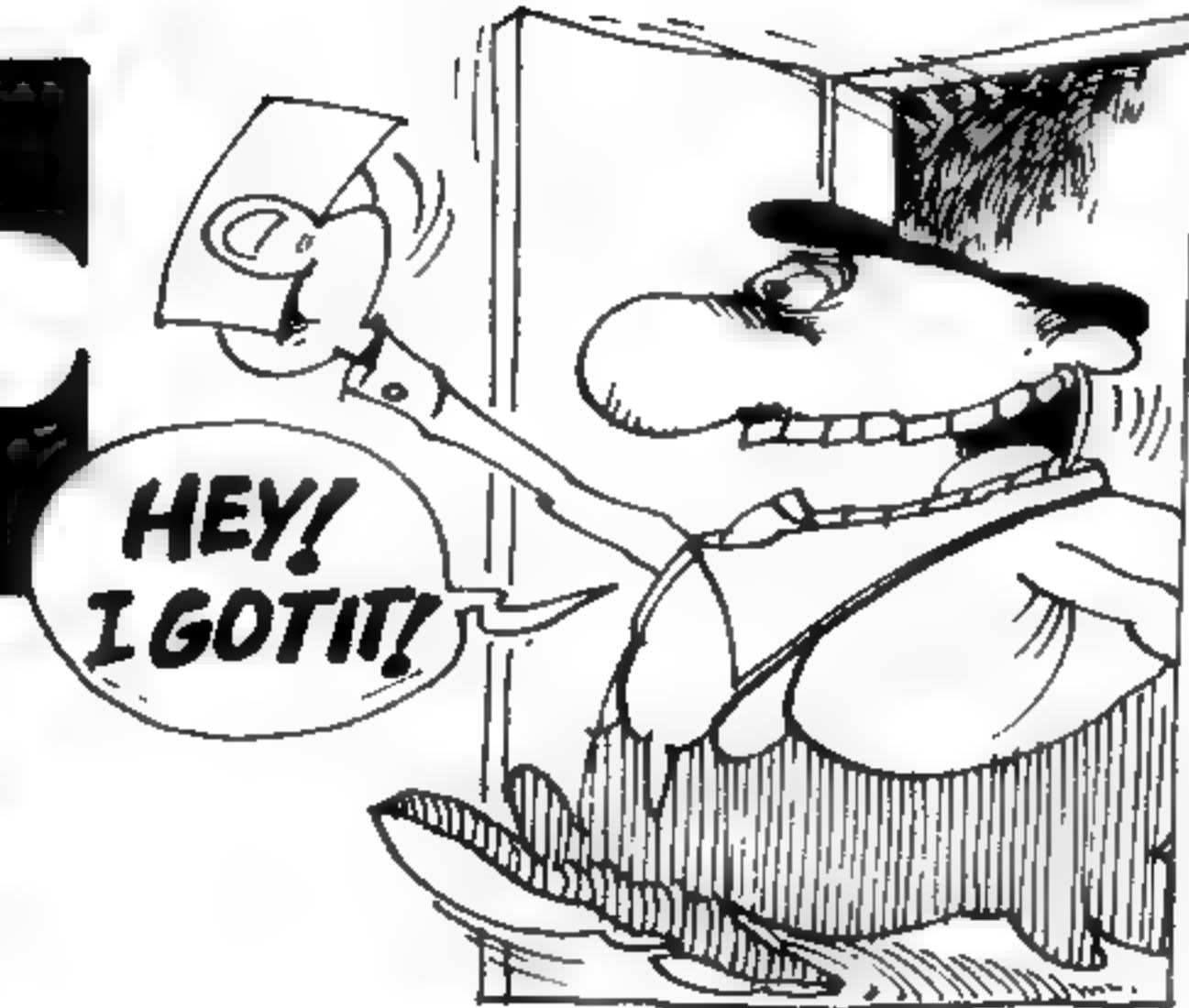
EVERY TIME YOU WANT TO RELIVE SOME OF YOUR MEMORIES, YOU ALWAYS END UP DISAPPOINTED ESPECIALLY WHEN YOU PUT YOUR FAITH IN CROOKS AND CHARLATANS...

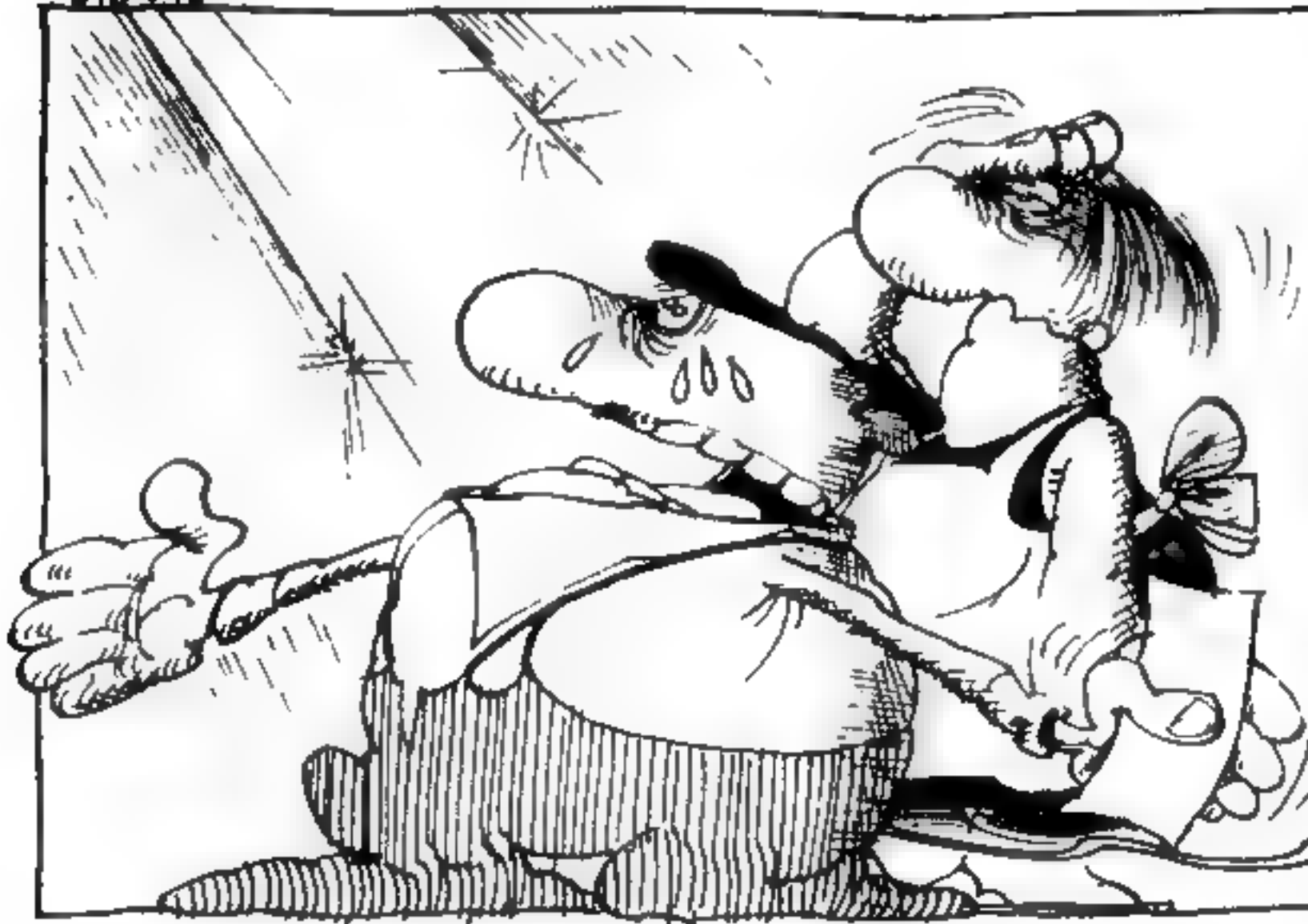
NO, THEY SURE DON'T HELP.

Kador

The Lottery

Script & Art - McBinet

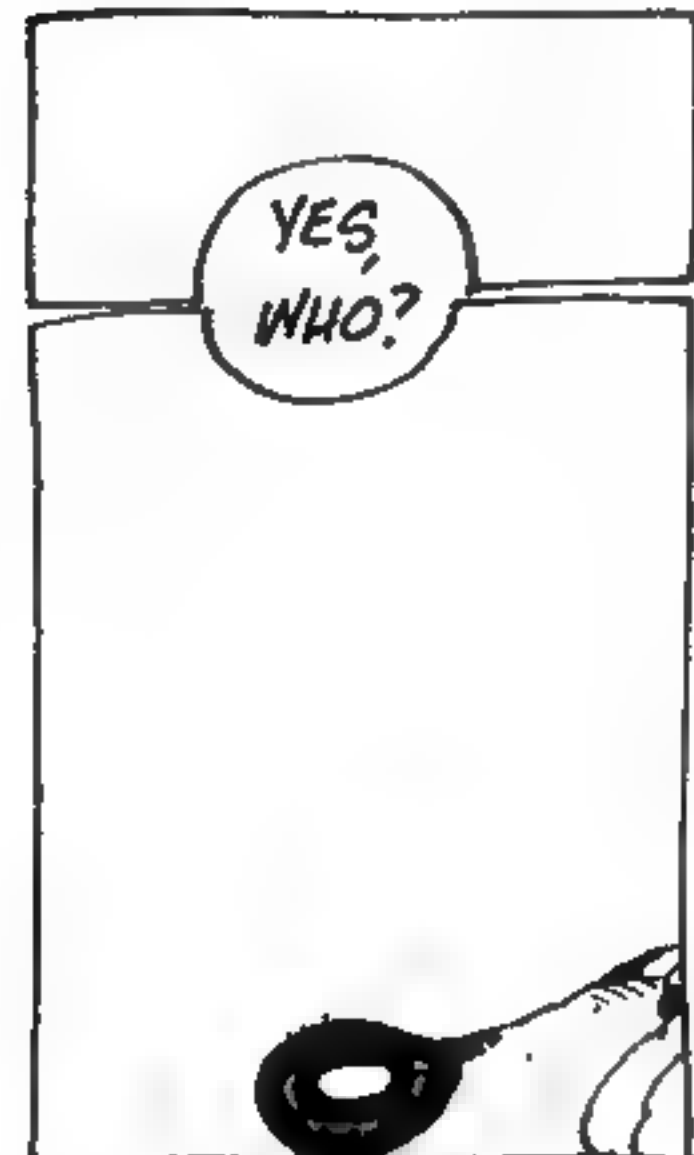
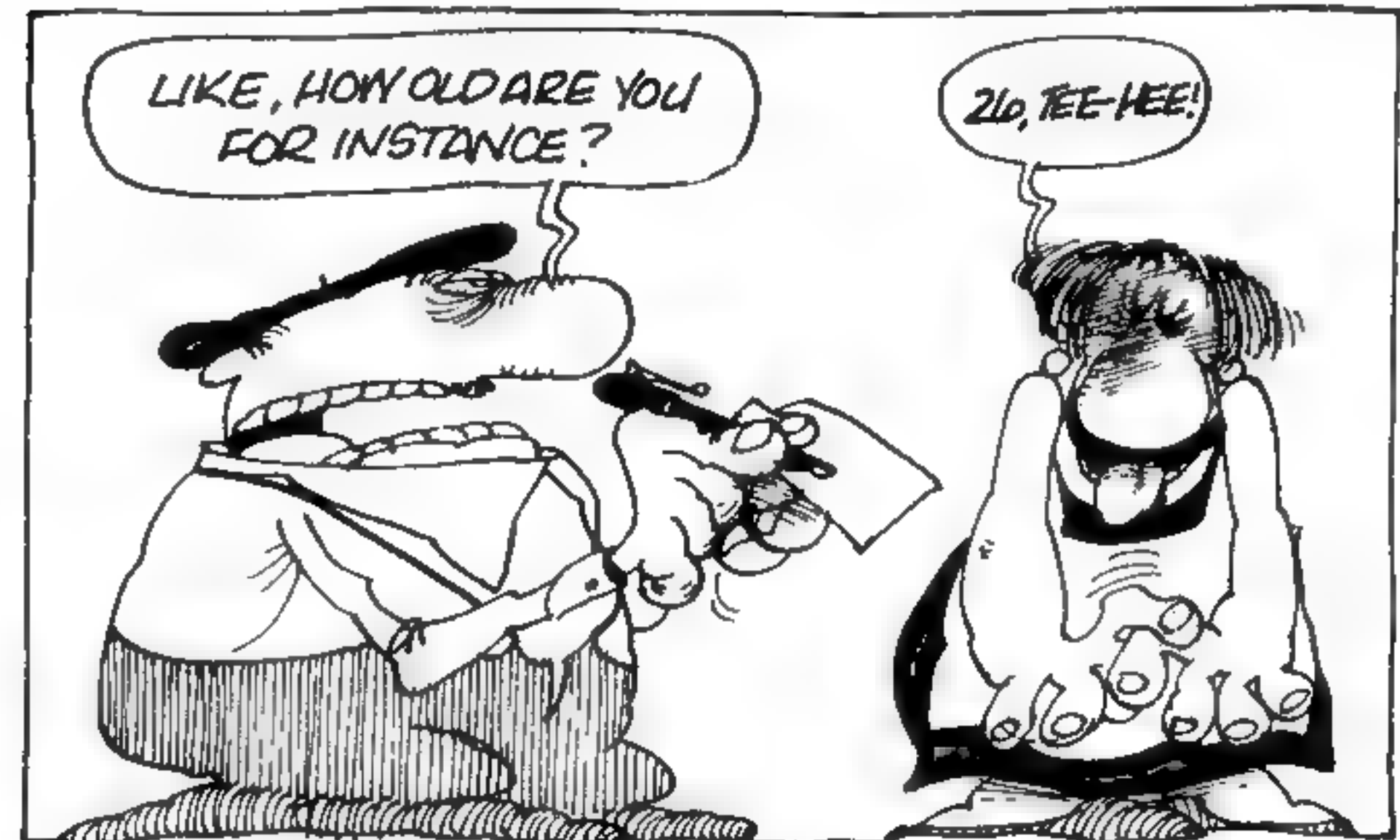




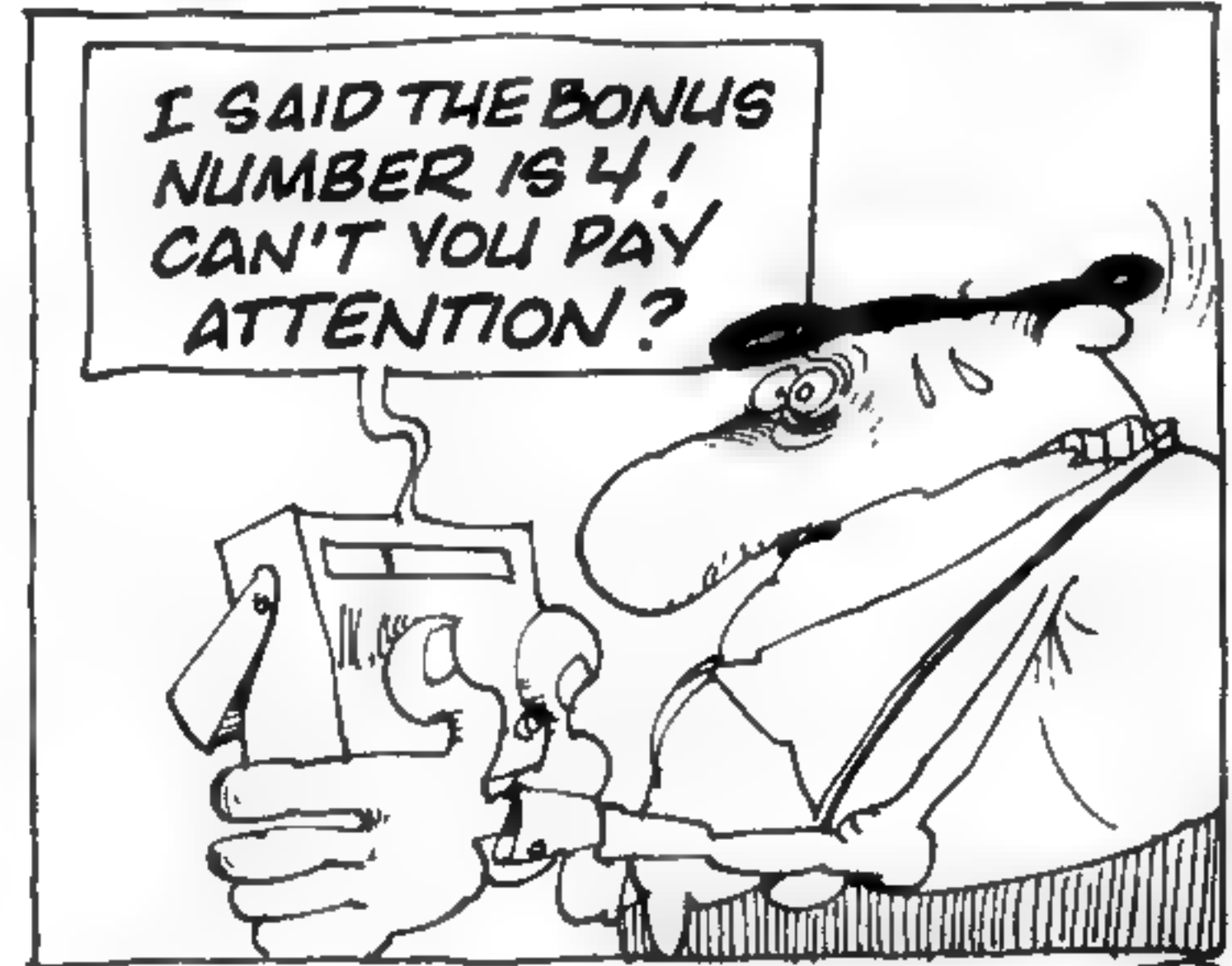
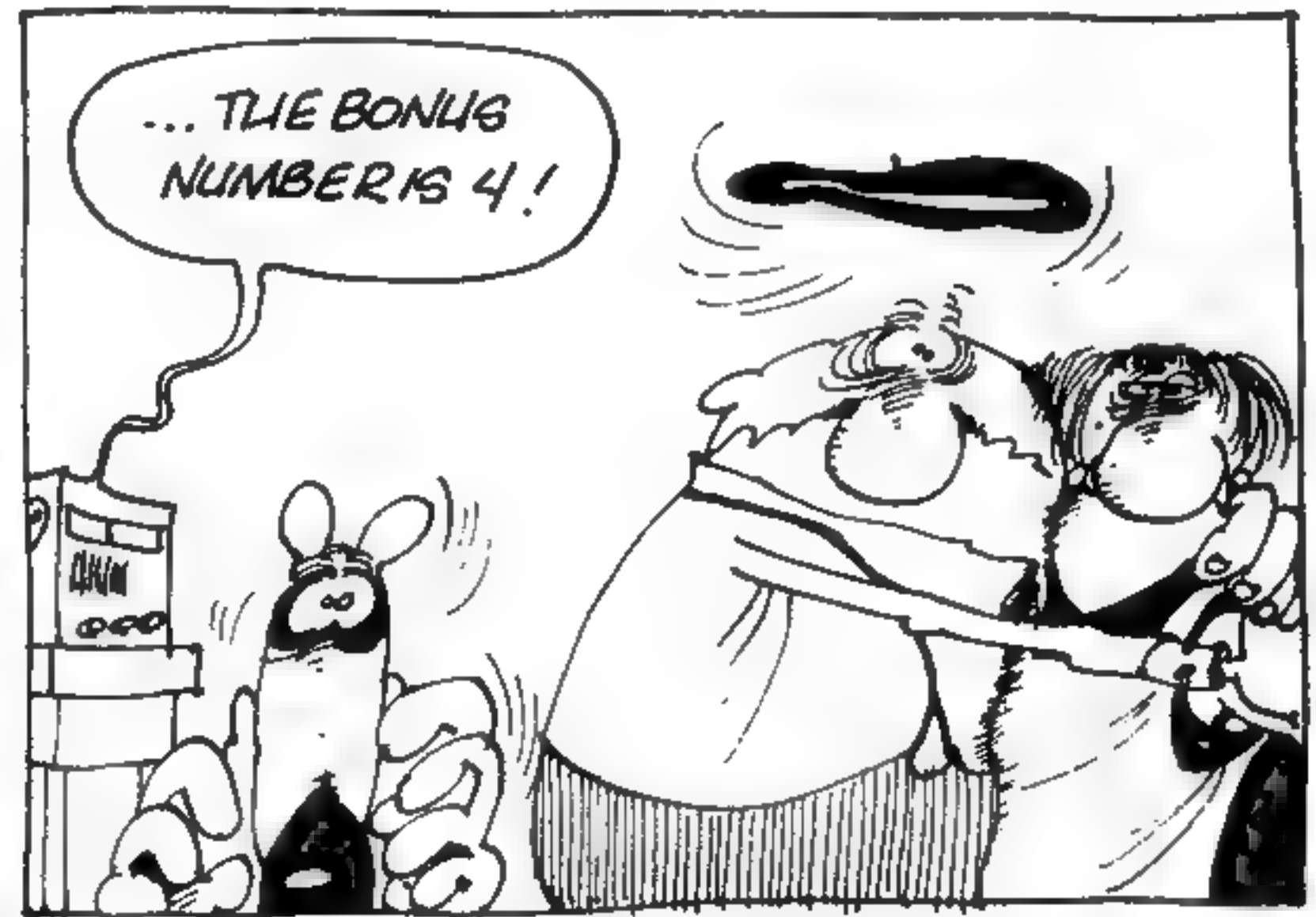
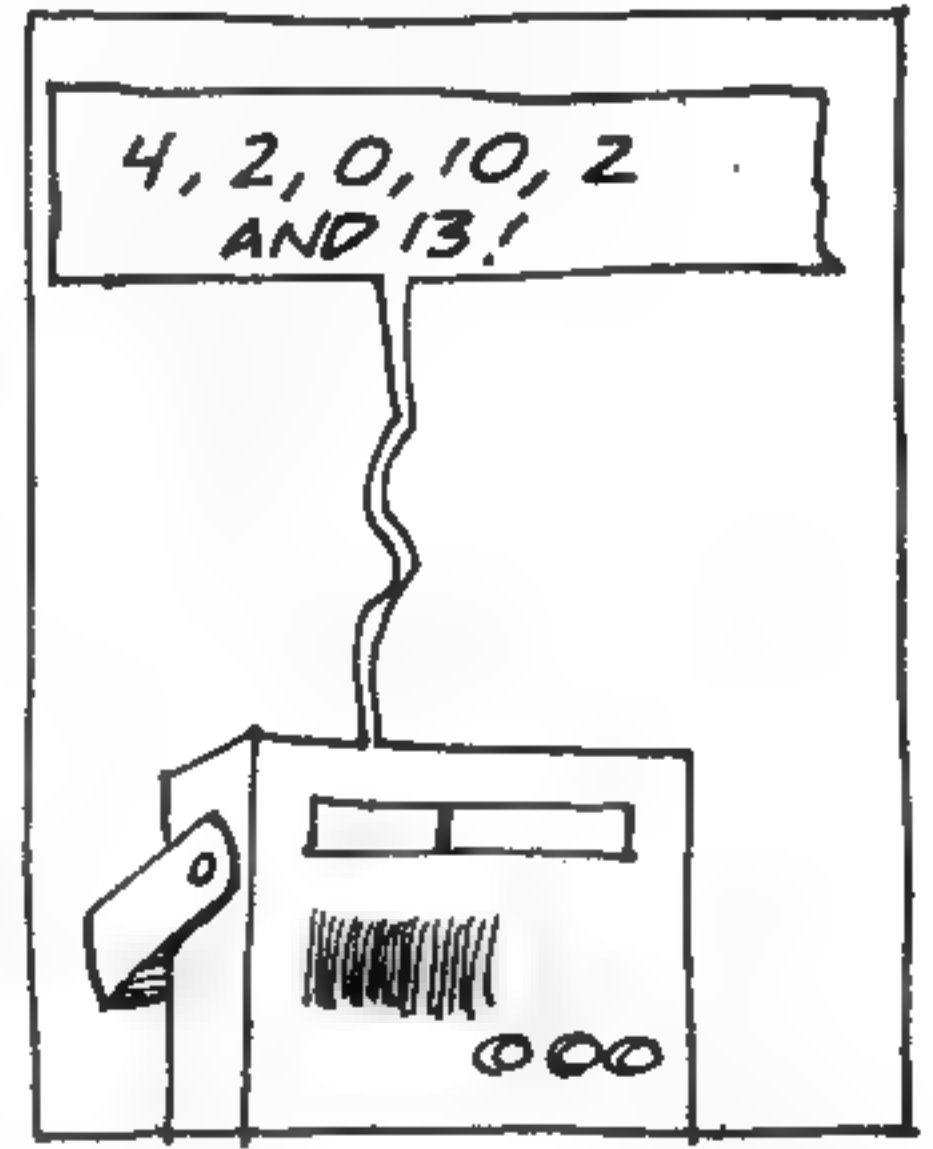
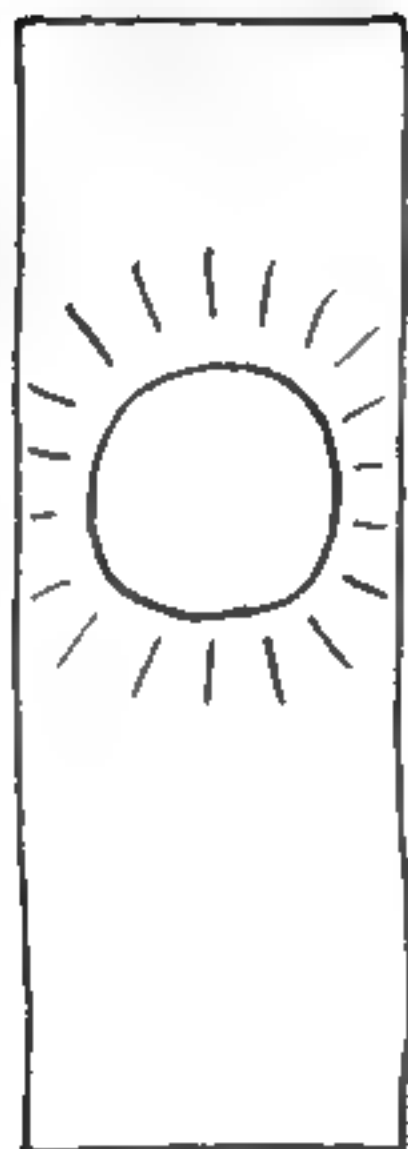
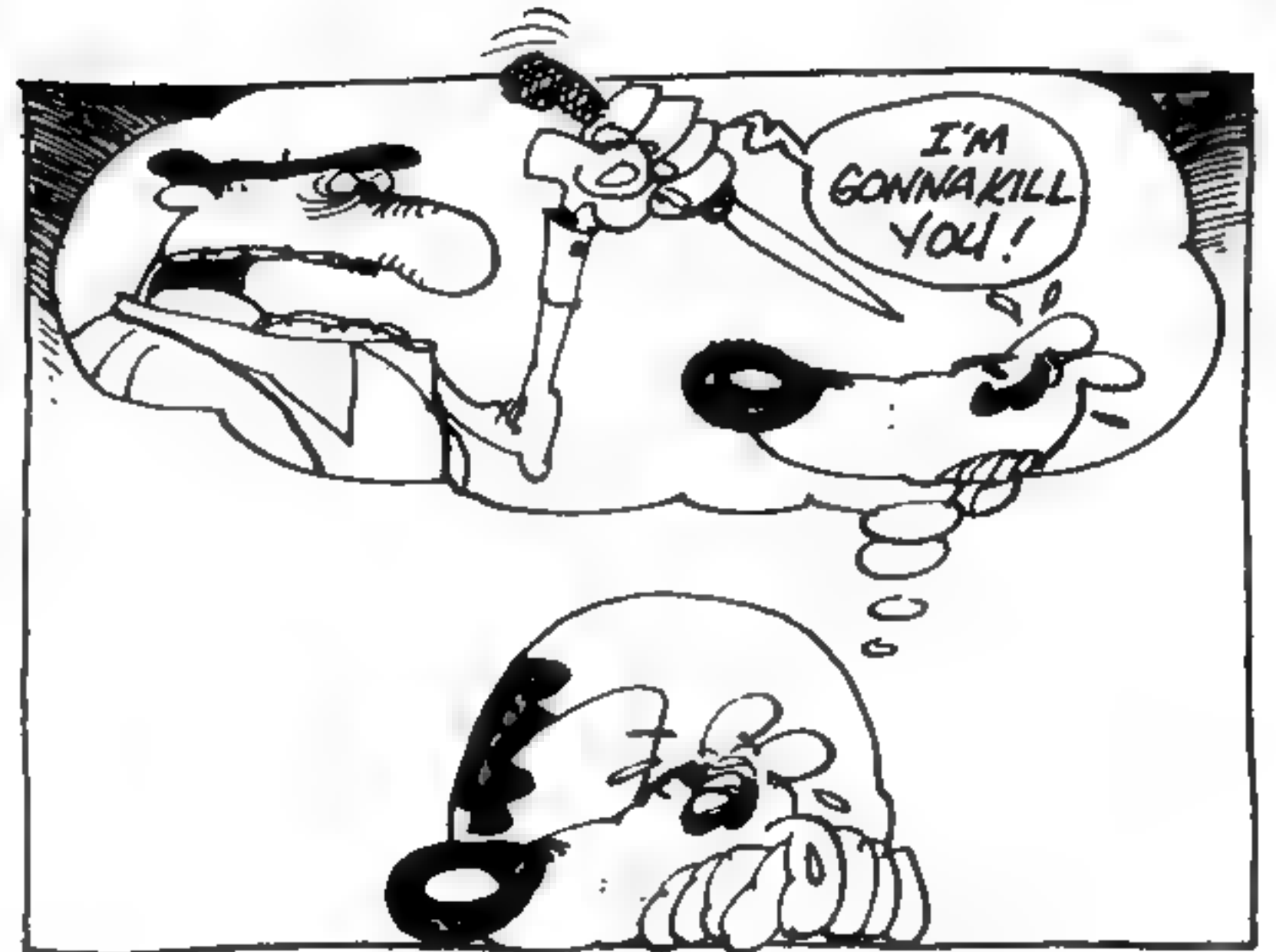
PRAISE YE THE LOTTERY. EVERYDAY I WILL BLESS THEE AND I WILL PRAISE THY NAME FOR EVER AND EVER. PUT NOT YOUR TRUST IN HORSES, NOR IN CASINOS, RATHER PRAISE YE THE LOTTERY, FOR IT IS GOOD AND ITS GENEROSITY ENDURETH FOREVER. PRAISE IT FOR ITS MIGHTY BONUS NUMBER; PRAISE IT WITH STRINGED INSTRUMENTS AND LOUD T.V. SHOWS. LET EVERYONE WHO HAS BLIND FAITH IN LUCK PRAISE THE LOTTERY FOR EVER AND EVER. PRAISE YE THE LOTTERY.

(PSALM 118 - AN EXHORTATION TO PRAISE THE LOTTERY.)

NOW WE NEED TO FAITHFULLY FILL IN THIS TICKET. THE BEST WAY TO DO IT IS TO USE RANDOM NUMBERS, LIKE A TELEPHONE NUMBER OR A BIRTHDATE, THAT KIND OF THING.









Coming Next In...

FRENCH ICE

FEATURING CARMEN CRU

9

Meet the NEW Carmen Cru!! Better than John Byrne's Superman! More dramatic than Frank Miller's Batman! In Metamorphosis, Carmen is nice to her neighbors, gives money to her Nephew and real candy to the insufferable child of Issue #2, confesses to the Priest, pays her bills, and even considers moving into the Club! What IS going on?



METAMORPHOSIS



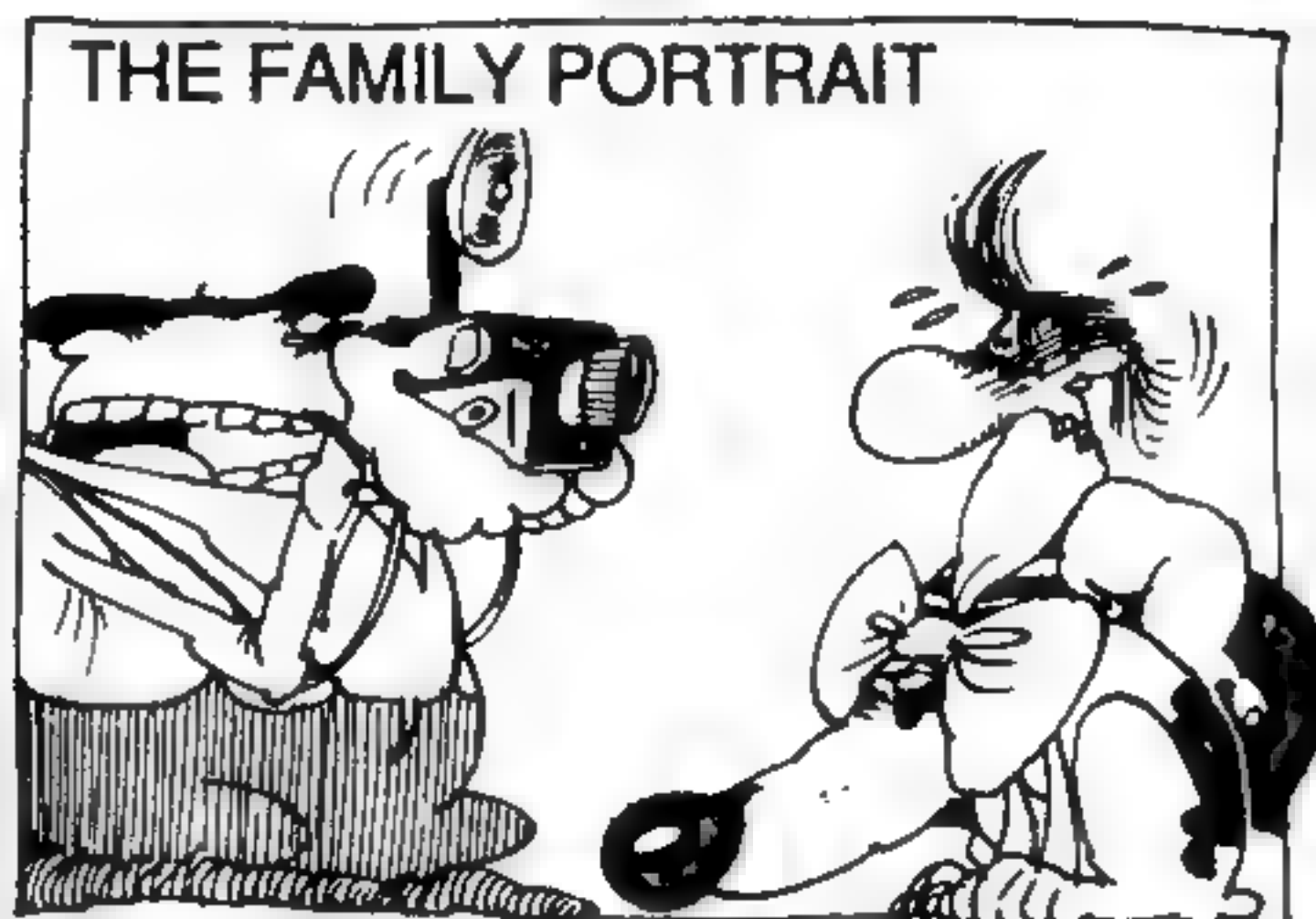
THE MIRACLE

Kador levitates! Will Robert start a new cult? Will he be able to sell Kador as a messiah?

Robert could win One Million Dollars on a television game show, but only if Kador cooperates. Need we say more?



THE GAME SHOW



THE FAMILY PORTRAIT

Robert decides to enter an amateur photo contest by taking a picture of his wife and dog. But the camera that can get a good picture out of those two hasn't been built!

And get ready for FRENCH ICE #10, with the rambunctious return of Carmen Cru in a special issue devoted to Carmen's Priest!

CARMEN'S MAILBOX



AN EVENING WITH CARMEN CRU

After spending as much time working on Carmen Cru as we have, there is a feeling of knowing the characters and stories by heart.

While we were on a recent visit to Paris, therefore, it was with mixed feelings that we accepted Jacques Diamant's (Fluide Glacial's publisher) invitation to see the stage show based on everybody's favorite senior citizen.

The day of the show dawned hot and humid. France had been suffering from an unusual September heat wave. Paris is not built for heat -- there's no air conditioning, and not everyone uses deodorant! We spent all day running around to meetings, and barely managed to arrive at the Grand Edgar theater in time-- or so we thought.

Bravely we fought our way through a crowd waiting in front of the theater, and finally arrived at the ticket window.

"We're here to collect tickets for Carmen Cru," we said firmly. Blank stares were the only response.

"Yes. Yes! Jacques Diamant of Fluide Glacial arranged for them three weeks ago," we insisted. Shrugging shoulders on the other side of the booth was the only response.

Where is Carmen Cru when you need her? She would know how to deal with these guys!

Finally, a taciturn employee turned to one of his colleagues. By now, fatigue, heat, and lack of food had started to take their toll. We really hoped the screw-up had been so major that we wouldn't get seats. We wanted to go out to dinner, and then home to bed.

After a whispered conversation, the ticket clerk returned. In his hand he disdainfully held two tickets, which he shoved at us unceremoniously. On them was written, "Exonerated"; it made us feel like criminals. Oh well, so much for dinner. The good news was that the seats were second row center. Being a parasite obviously had its advantages.

As we stood looking at our tickets, another victim approached the window.

"We have tickets waiting for us..."

Not wanting to intrude on another touching scene, we went outside.

The crowd outside had grown, unfortunately the sidewalk had not. We leaned against a car and dodged pigeon droppings from the ledge above.

The Grand Edgar used to be a porno theater. Standing and looking at the neighboring establishments showed that the environment still supported this activity. At least it provided for an interesting kind of pedestrian to occupy our attention while we waited, and waited, and waited...

Then, at five after ten for a ten o'clock show, the crowd was allowed to filter inside, slowly. After a few fights over the seating, which had a numbering system that no one could understand, the show was ready to start.

Bad singing came from the back of the theater, as the Priest and his trainee came down the aisle. They were perfect. Then, the moment of truth, Carmen herself appeared on stage. Amazing! Although the actress wore make-up she had no prosthesis or appliances of any kind, but somehow her face looked EXACTLY like Carmen, with the exception of her nose, which was not big and bulbous. (Lucky for the actress, in any event.)

Rather than taking the characters and putting them into a play-length story, the Marijo Company decided to adapt actual stories from the strip. And, incredibly, it worked. The five actors (three men and two women) really became Mr. Raoul, the Priest, Camille, the Workman, the Doctor, the Photographer, and a host of others.

Each story was separated by a voice-over of Carmen writing a letter to the District Attorney to complain about the treatment she received in the previous sketch. A clever device that kept the audience very, very quiet.

During the performance, the audience came to understand why the "exonerated" seats were up front: we were spit on by the Priest, to Camille we became "my little friends, the birdies," getting to enjoy the crumbs of Sunday's Beef Wellington-- on our heads, and we were able to enjoy Bebe's accordion music, which was really quite good.

The ninety minutes passed quickly, even in the unbearable heat (how could the actress who played Carmen stand being bundled up in all of those clothes?), and Carmen et al were treated to five well-deserved curtain calls. We walked out into the shadow of the Montparnasse Tower, where a middle-aged taxi driver and his exuberant companion, characters who would not have been out of place in Carmen's world, took us home.

But that's another story.....

Bye till next month.

Randy and Jean-Marc

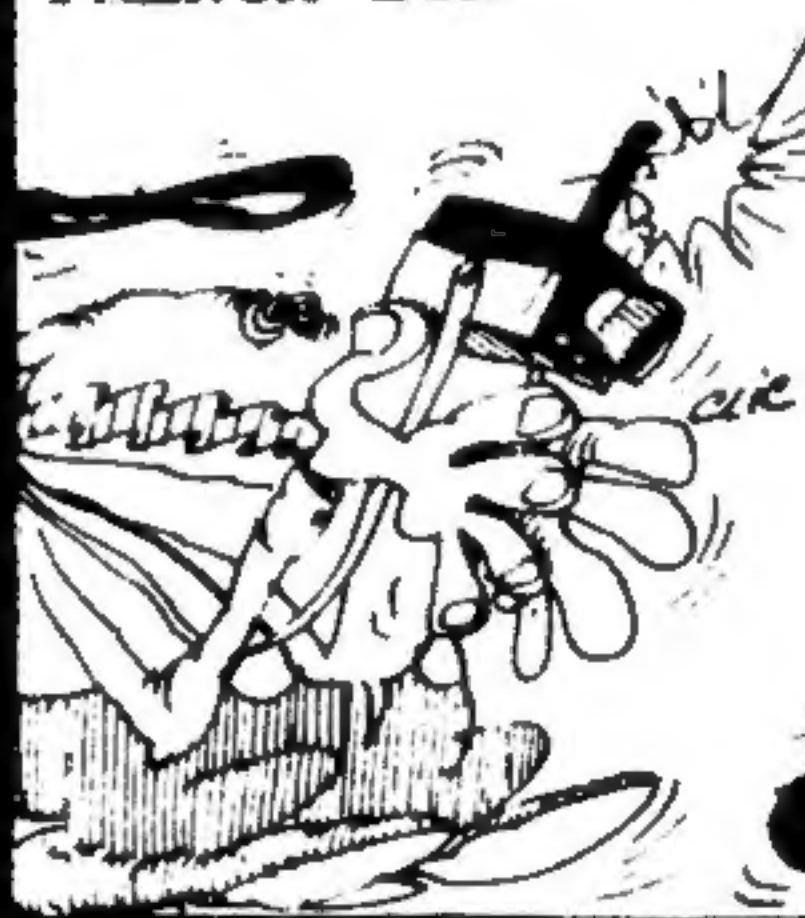
SHIPPING IN DECEMBER

WE GOT LAUGHS...



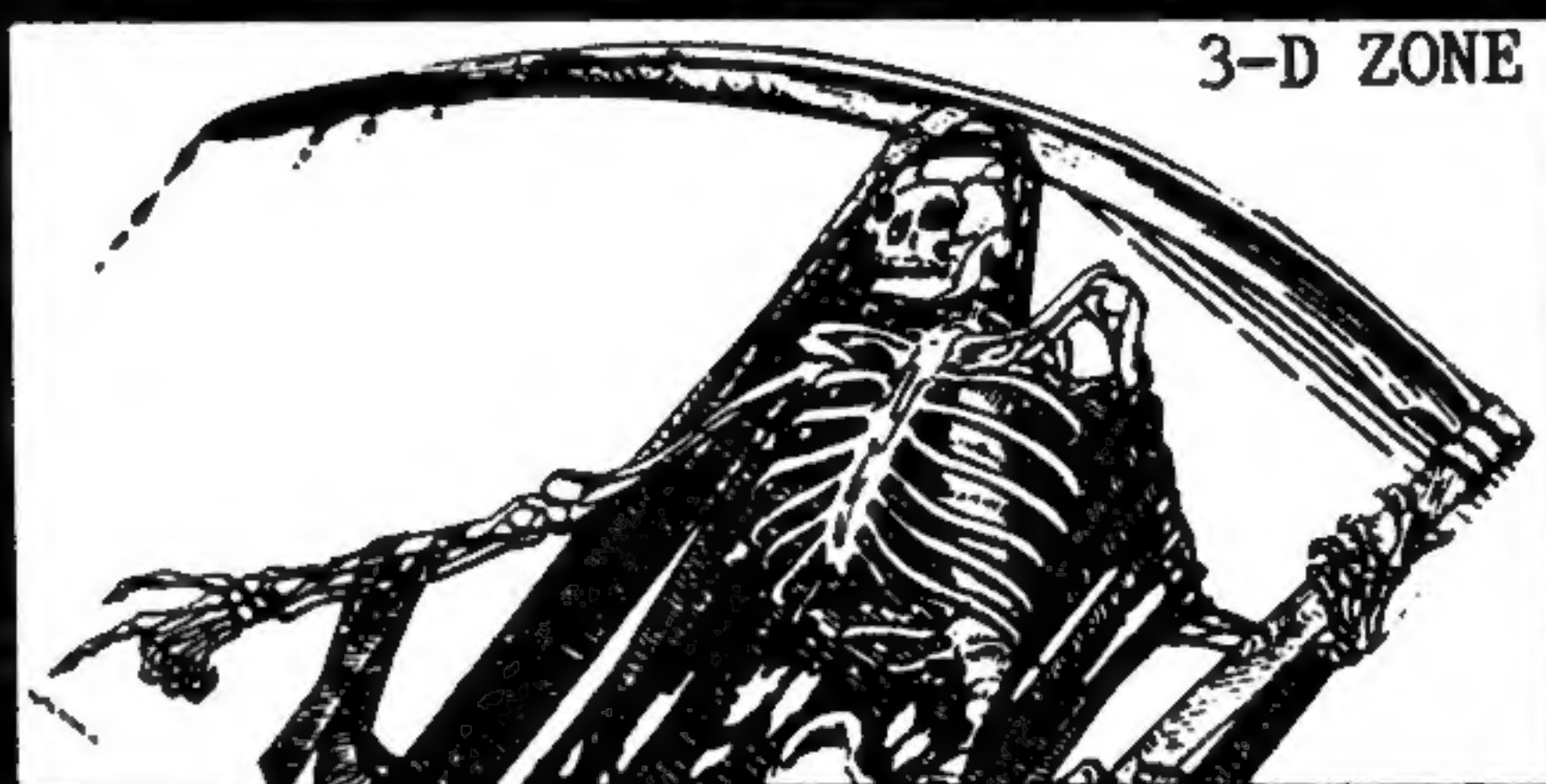
OPEN SEASON

FRENCH ICE



HOLIDAY OUT

WE GOT BRRRRS...



3-D ZONE



SILENT INVASION

WE GOT
SCARY
MYSTERY
STUFF...

MS. TREE



WE GOT
DANGEROUS DAMES..



AGENT UNKNOWN



SHERLOCK HOLMES

WE RENEGADE PRESS.

Buy the comic
or the dog dies.



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ROS COE!
THE DAWG, ACE DETECTIVE



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A Pyramid Scan



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